NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

JOHN NEAL AND HENRY F. HARRINGTON,—EDITORS.

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THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY

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AGENTS.

Portland—Messrs Colman & Chisholm.
Eastport—B. H. Williams, Water-street.
Machias Port, (Me.)—Jonathan Marston.
Montpelier, (Vt.)—George Walton.
Matanzas—Charles P. Butler.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

THE PAST.

I.

What is the Past? it is the couch of Time;
Where countless ages in their rest sublime,
Sleep undisturbed their everlasting sleep.
What is the past? it is the lethe deep,
Of withered power, 'tis the vast domain,
Where princely grandeur grovels 'neath the chain
Of foul corruption, humbled and forlorn,
Whelmed in oblivion's night, though glorious in its morn.

II.

The past! it is the treasury of Decay,
Who garners there her Earth-gleaned gems away;
Grave of the present, and the final goal
Where, avalance-like, doth the Future roll
Its headlong tide, careering on amain,
With desolation, scathing hill and plain;
But, with the past to mingle, and to die,
From earth, as melts the soul into Eternity.

III.

The past! there age on age, since first in dawn,
The new-created light woke embryo morn,
From slumb'ring chaos, bidding earth arise,
And back respond the pæans of the skies—
Have fled, like tributary streams, which pour
Into the Ocean to return no more—
Sweeping the generations in their trust,
Down to the tomb, to blend with their primeval dust.

IV.

The past! and thence the Future from its source
Yet unexhausted, still shall speed its course,
Bearing to life its progenies unborn,
'Till Death's dominion from its sway is torn,
And, with its pride and beauteousness this world
Back to its first nonentity is hurled
And man, redeemed to an Elysian clime,
Shoots, an immortal o'er the sepulchre of Time.

V.

Thou faded past! a holy shrine art thou,
Sacred to Memory, who doth love to bow
In retrospection o'er thy shadowy verge,
And bid each loved and bygone scene emerge,
To phantom-life, and like the star of eve,
Whose radience playing on a wave, doth leave
Their mirrored brightness there, those scenes the while,
By her reflected seem once more in truth to smile.

VI.

And many a relic hast thou left O! Past,
Which, like the glow departed day, doth cast
The west horizon o'er, though but a faint
And shattered trace of former sheen, doth paint
A bright conception to the curious mind,
Of that magnificence which hath declined
Leaving behind one wreck of noontide bloom,
To wreathe a halo round the threshold of its tomb.

VII.

And yet the river floweth proudly by
Thy ruins, e'en as when in majesty
Unshorn, thou reign'st on earth; the stars which ranged
The dark infinitude above, unchanged,
Still wander there, the mountains frown
From their sublimities uncompassed down,
As in thy pristine prime, but thou art fled
And thy decaying halls resound the brigand's tread.

VIII.

Thou mighty Past! how loves the mind t' explore
Thy midnight domination, while before,
Swift Fancy with her torch doth pioneer,
Its path obscure, lighting thy mansions, drear
In black profundity, lifting the palls,
From buried cent'ries which thy gulph enthrals,
That there the mind may meditate and weep,
As Friendship o'er her lost beside their coffined sleep.

IX.

E'en like Friendship, bending o'er the wan
And mould'ring features of her dead, to scan
Within their dormant lineaments, the trace
Of laughing life which Death cannot efface;
The mind doth ponder o'er thy hoarded shrines,
To read thy brightness in the mould'ring lines
Of ages hid 'neath thy sepulchral sway,
O'er which hath Mem'ry's sunlight long forgot to play.

X.

But in thy wasteful desolation may be seen,
O Past, the doom of Time, we pierce the screen
Which veils the pregnant Future as we view
Thy course in retrospection, which anew,
Successive years must tread, 'till Time doth blend
Its latest vestige in one common end,—
'Till drained unto its fountain-head, at last,
It sleeps an unreplenished and eternal past.

XI.

Ah! many a scene as thine have smiled, must smile,
A moment's brief allotment to beguile;
Equipped at birth with pinions plumed for flight,
Unto thy realms of never-waning night,
Like some bright meteor glancing thwart the sky,
Its brilliancy shall dazzle but to die,
And oft will Mem'ry scan thy drear demesne,
To catch a shadowy glimpse of its departed sheen.

XII.

And Hope shall rear, as she has rear'd of yore,
Her fairy fabric on the Future's shore,
And many a garland for its glorious shrine,
Will fond Anticipation gaily twine.
But Time's next billow with a whelming sweep,
Shall speed it down in ruins to thy deep,
And sad regrets from grieving hearts shall swell,
As thy resounding voids reverberate its knell.

XIII.

Insatiate Past! what though beneath thy pall,
Earth's Beauty, Pomp and Grandeur passeth all!
What though within thy rayless portals lie,
A prostrate wreck, its Power and Majesty?
What though its Glory find in that a grave,
O'er which Despair's dark cypress aye shall wave?
Born but for Time, with Time they must decay,
And yield submissive to thy unredeeming sway.

XIV.

But, man alone, he of the deathless soul,
Fears not thy bonds, nor bows to thy control,
And though the despot Death consign his frame,
Unto that dust from whence in birth it came,
'Tis but the purge of his mortality.
And leaves the immortal unsubdued and free,
From forth its ashes, Phœnix-like to rise,
And gain an endless Present 'mid celestial skies.

A 'ORRID BAD 'UN! A few days since, a Jonathan from the country, who had taken lodgings at the American House, Boston, was somewhat surprised when he came to the dinner table to see there was nothing on it!—'What will you have?' asked the waiter. Jonathan stared about him—'I dun know.' 'Would you like a bill of the fare, sir?'—'Thank ye, *I don't care if I do take a small piece!*'—*Dunstable N. H. Telegraph.*

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

FAT FOLKS.

FAT FOLKS! I hate 'em. It's a downright outrage upon the community to be lugging round a great fat paunch in their very face and eyes! It's a malignant libel on humanity to plead guilty to that enormous protuberance of belly; which may, not without propriety, be termed 'going the whole hog.' Let the cold-water fanatics rail as much as they please against the hard *drinkers*—they are not a tithe as offensive as your downright hard-*eaters*. Who can endure to see the wretches eat? I was at an ordinary t'other day. There was a huge fellow opposite to me. While I was playing with the wing of a boiled chicken and tenderly dipping into the bowels of a roasted tomato—the fiend had bolted three huge platters of roasted pig smothered in onion-sauce. '*Waiter! I'll trouble you for a bit more of your roast pork!*' sung out my fat foe opposite. Ye Gods! I could sit no longer. Dashing down my knife and fork on the table, and casting a glance of unutterable and withering scorn at the brute—I fled. I couldn't eat again for a week. Faugh! The bare reminiscence nauseated.

I'm a wee, pawkey creature, Messrs Editors, and it grieves my very soul to witness the deferential respect paid by all classes of people to these huge belly gods. Look at them when they travel. *Theirs*, is the landlord's most deferential bow and most commodious room. *Theirs*, the seat of honor at my host's table—where, (curses on their shiny faces) fish, flesh and fowl vanish under their obscenely rapacious jaws, 'like a wreath of mist before a hurricane.' *Theirs*, is the most luxurious portion of the mail-coach—while 'poor little me' is tucked away in a corner. Why, in the name of Heaven, if these odiferous monsters *will* intrude their obesity into a public conveyance—why will they not pay by the square yard for the space they really occupy. Ye proprietors of stage-coaches, hearken unto me, and I will teach you maxims of truth and justice—Tax these infernal conglomerations of intestines by the cubic mile, do ye year? And if they don't consent to pay you by bulk—let 'em hire an *extra* to transmit their *extra*-ordinary carcases, or, like good Mr B****m, get a carriage made expressly for them, 'huge, strong and broad.'

I put it very soberly to you, Messrs Editors, whether fat folks are not exercising an undue weight in the administration of public affairs? Is it not a well attested fact that in all our principal cities the mayor and aldermen are selected from the great mass of citizens, almost solely with reference, not to their *fitness*, but to their *fatness*? Is not the word alderman synonymous with turtle-soup, and turtle-soup with alderman? How many of our Justices of the Peace and of the Quorum, ay and Custos Rotulorum too, waddle about

'with fair round bellies, with fat capon lined,'

not putting on, as they should do, bowels of mercy, but putting forth unmerciful bowels. I put it to you, worthy Editors, do you believe that the decreasing influence of ministers of the gospel can be justly attributed to any thing else than lack of portly paunches? Wasn't there something edifying in hearing a corpulent parson pour forth a rapturous effusion in praise of etherial essences and spiritual sublimations!

Who of the ancient biblical heroes was it, Messrs Editors, that '*waxed fat and kicked*,' and is not an unfortunate propensity for kicking the distinguishing attribute of all fat folks from his day to ours? I never, in the whole course of my experience in society, knew a fat man to be truly meek and lowly-minded—did you? Indeed, how can we expect them to be so, trailing perpetually about them, as they do, the insignia of their personal consequence. Their very tread makes a great noise in the world. And, gentlemen while my puny body hardly gets a wink from a cow—the whole world stand gazing open mouthed at my d—d big-bellied neighbor. Now, gentlemen, I have no wish to breed *intestine* broils in our happy republic—but I can no longer *stomach* this state of things. I hate all fat people, from merry old Jack Falstaff down to the great Daniel Lambert, and they shall feel the weight of my indignation in your columns, Messrs Editors; that is, if you will give me fighting room, and I doubt not you will, when I declare that one great reason why I subscribe for the Galaxy is, that you are a couple of wiry, gritty little chaps, not overburdened with bellies. Yours,

FOUR FEET ELEVEN.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF TOM POP.

CHAP. III.

Continued.

(*And last for the present.*)

AND so, poor Tom Pop was carried off to jail, and shut up in a little dark room, with walls like a cellar built of great stones and white-washed all over; and there was only one little window, and that had iron bars to it, crossing this way and that, and there was no bed, only a sort of a wooden box, with straw on it, and a dirty-looking blanket. And when they opened the great heavy iron door, and he saw the inside of the room, he was terribly frightened, and began to cling to the officer's legs, and cry to go home to his grandfather—only a minute—and then he wanted them to let him have Cæsar Pop or pussy Pop for company, and then he was so hungry, he couldn't bear to stay by himself. But the man said it was no use to cry—stay he must—and then he left him.

Poor fellow! poor Tom Pop! said all the other boys—what a shame for the best boy in school to have to be shut up for telling the truth, and then to have to pay for going to jail; and some of them saved their supper, and wanted to carry it to the jail for Tom. And one said, he would sleep on the floor and send him all his clothes; for, said he—it was little Jake Fitch—here am I in a nice warm room, with father and mother, and all my brothers and sisters, while Poor Tom Pop, is shut up in a dark cold cellar all alone—so much for being honest! and telling the truth. So little Jake Fitch thought, but he was very much mistaken. Tom was not put into jail for being honest, but for doing mischief. And it was all the better for him for being honest and telling the truth, for everybody pitied him.

But the jailor didn't forget Tom. He brought him a good large piece of bread and a tumbler of water, and left him. And Tom said his prayers, and soon cried himself to sleep. And the next morning when he waked, the sun was shining all through and through his little dark room, and the birds were singing in a bush just outside the wall. Tom rubbed his eyes, and looked about him, and tried to make out where he was; and while he was trying, the door opened and the jailor came in with his breakfast of bread-and-water. But poor Tom's heart was too full—he began to remember what he had done, and where he was, and he couldn't eat a mouthful. He thought of his little chamber and clean bed, and of his dear old grandfather, and his little sister, and of the nice bowl of bread-and-milk—with pussy Pop under the chair, purring and making faces at Cæsar Pop, and little toddle-to-waddle-to-Pop playing with her tail in the ashes—

But while he was thinking of home, and of all that he loved there, he heard the boys at the window calling out to him—as loud as they could bawl—here Tom! here, we've brought you a good breakfast!

Oh, said he, I don't want any breakfast—I cant eat a mouthful—I want to go home to grandfather. Oh—if grandfather knew I was here, he'd come and take me out, I know.

Run Jerry, run, and tell old Squire Pop, will ye, said one of the boys; and with that, off started three or four of them together.

And then the rest began to talk about giving Tom all their spending money—he was such an honest boy, they said—he told the truth and let little Jerry Smith off, when there was nobody to tell who threw the brick that did the mischief—and then they told him they'd got above three dollars toward the twenty, and the rest they would have about the quickest—that they would—but now they must go to school. And so they went away, all together, and left him there alone, looking through the prison-bars at the bright blue sky, and the green trees, and trying to get a peep at the little birds in the bush.

But after a while, he began to brush up, and to feel more comfortable, and then he dropped down on his knees and began to pray to God to help him out of prison—and just when he said that, the door opened, and who should come in but—who do you think it was, hey!—Why his old grandfather! At first Tom was ashamed to look him in the face, and he hung down his head; but his grandfather caught him up in his arms and gave him a hearty hug or two, and a mouthful of kisses, while the tears ran out of his eyes—

Oh, said Tom, but I do love you Grandfather—you are so kind to me, and to every body else, I believe. And oh, how happy I am to see you once more—though I have been such a naughty boy!

Yes—said his grandfather; yes, a naughty boy in some things, but such a very honest, good boy in other things, that I have not a word to say to you. But never mind—poor as I am, I would sooner beg, ay or starve than let such a generous boy stay in jail after this—so keep a good heart my lad!

Bow, wow, wow! said Cæsar, and in he came, head first as soon as the jailer opened the door, and jumped upon Tom with both paws about his neck.

Oh, Cæsar! Cæsar! where did you come from! said the poor fellow, and then he hugged him, and while he was hugging him, he heard a little baby voice saying doggy, doggy!—and when he looked up, there was little Melia Pop! She had come to tell him how old pussy Pop had hatched three more kittens, and poor Tom was so happy! And then just as they were all going away, one by one, and he was begging the jailer to let Cæsar Pop stay with him, he heard the boys outside the jail hurrahing and making such a noise. And the next minute, in came little Jerry Smith, laughing and jumping like mad, and holding on the hand of a tall, good-natured looking man, he called father. And when little Jerry saw Tom—with the straw sticking to his clothes, and his collar unbuttoned, and looking so untidy, he began to feel so, he couldn't laugh nor speak a word, but he crept along up to the side of Tom and took his hand—for he was a very shy little fellow—and said—Here's Tom Pop sir! But you mustn't think he looks so when he's at school.

No, nor at play, said another boy, looking in at the door. And Tom laughed at this, and then all the other boys laughed and clapped their hands—upon which, Mr Smith shook hands with Tom Pop, and Old Jotham Pop, and then turning to Tom Pop, he said, come here my little fellow; and then he called up Jerry Smith, and then he told them all to be still, for he had something to say to Tom Pop.

And when they were all still, he looked earnestly at Tom Pop and said—well, my boy; are you sorry you told the truth last night?

No indeed Sir—

But you may have to stay here a long while.

I hope not Sir—for I am very sorry.

What! sorry you told the truth—said Old Jotham Pop.

No Grandfather, no!—but I'm sorry I've been such a naughty boy; and I hope God will make me a better boy—and if I must stay here, I must, that's all—

That's enough, said Mr Smith—that's enough! my brave, generous boy.—You shall be set free directly!

Shall I!—O, Sir—God bless you!

And then Mr Smith called the jailer and said, come home and I will pay the damages and prisoners fees; and as for you Jerry, you shall have Tom for a playfellow, and if he wants to go to school with you, and his Grandfather will let him, I will pay for his schooling, and do something for him when he gets older. Why Tom! what's the matter.

Oh Sir—you are very kind, but I can't bear to think of going away from Grandfather, and Melia, and Cæsar Pop and pussy Pop, and Toddle-to-waddle-to-Pop.

Mercy on us! what a family, said Mr Smith. Why, I should think your Grandfather would be glad enough to get rid of some of you.

There you'd be confoundedly mistaken, that's all—for I wouldn't part with one of them for all the world; they are the only comforts I have on earth now.

Well, well—have your own way; but remember when the boy gets old enough to go to a trade, and make a man of himself, I am to have a finger in the pie.

With all my heart, sir! said old Jotham Pop—and then Mr Smith gave Tom a present, wrapped up in a paper, and the door flew open, and out they all marched, as happy as black ducks—and all the boys hourraed when they saw Tom saying, hourra for Tom Pop—*honest* Tom Pop! Hourra for the boy that always tells the truth!

And here endeth the third and last chapter of Tom Pop for one while. N.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

A YOUTH ABOUT TO SKETCH HIS MISTRESS.

ATHENÆUM GALLERY—NO CXXVIII.

That's right!—a little nearer, sweet!
  Thy features turn to me;
Thine eyes still wander far, my love!
  Gaze not on vacancy.
There—rest thy fingers on my arm,
  The posture has a sense;
They tremble much,—ah! not in fear!
  One kiss—then I'll commence.

Be calm, my sweet—why spring and fall
  Meet in thy changing cheek!
Now red as blossoms of the rose,
  Then pale as lilies meek.
Why—how thine eyes appear, my love!
  Like blue fires seen at night—
Veil'd by the lingering mists of eve—
  Though warm, obscurely bright!

Oh, cease that wave-like heaving breast!
  A crimsoned brow again!
Alas! I shall not paint thee well—
  One look cannot detain;
Nay do not grieve or smile, just now;
  Be marble for a minute—
Ah! now I will th' expression catch—
  'Tis gone!—I can't begin it!

But, though I sketch thy features fair—
  Paint with all limning art,
I could not make the canvas seem
  As the being of my heart;
I cannot give to aught on earth
  The charm love on thee throws,
Thy lover's memory alone
  With real life's richness glows! J. L. S.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

CAROLINE RAYMOND.

A NEW ENGLAND TALE.

'Sweet Piety! thine is the spell alone
That can preserve the young heart's purity
In this cold, selfish and designing world.'

'Mr Manning—my dear!'

Mr Manning laid down the paper he was reading, lifted up his spectacles, and fixed his eyes upon his wife, with a look which she thought rather forbidding. It was a rare thing for Mrs M. to say, 'my dear,' when not in company; and experience had taught Mr M. to dread the conclusion of a speech commencing with this sweet monosyllable. But the lady had a very pretty face, of which her husband was a little proud, and after gazing at her for a few moments, his stern features softened into a smile.

'Well, my love.'

'Are we not going to leave town this season?'

'Why should we?'

'There is scarcely a genteel family left.'

'So much the better. I like quiet.'

'But your health, my dear husband.'

'I never was better in my life.'

'That is true; I never saw you look better. Your journey [illegible] a great deal of good. I [illegible] say you [illegible] years younger for it. But the weather is dreadful, and you know that healthy, robust people of your age, are very liable to sudden attacks when closely confined in the heated atmosphere of a city during the warm months of July and August.'

Mr Manning liked to be told he looked young, and was very much afraid of the apoplexy. Mrs M. had gained her point.

'Well [illegible] I believe we must leave town for a month or so. [illegible] I have been thinking of it for some time.' Mrs M. smiled, but wisely said nothing. 'When I was a bachelor, I used to spend many a pleasant week at Brother Raymond's, and he has often invited me to visit him with you. I will write to him tomorrow, and we will go as soon as we receive his answer.'

Mr Raymond was the husband of Mr Manning's sister. He was an opulent farmer residing about ninety miles from Boston, on the Connecticut river. Mrs Manning did not quite relish the idea of going into the country; she had fancied herself figuring at some fashionable watering place. But the irrevocable decree had gone forth, and she knew it would be useless to [illegible]. Therefore, like a prudent woman, she declared it was a happy thought, and quietly taking her work, was soon 'in meditation deep' upon the sensation she should create among her country relations, while her husband, resuming his paper, became equally engaged, after examining the 'Price Current,' in reading Webster's last speech.

The next day Mrs Manning called upon her most intimate friends, vowing to each one of them, that the heat was intolerable, and wondering how they could *think* of remaining all summer in town. 'My dear Mr Manning would not allow me to stay for any consideration. He insists upon my visiting his brother-in-law, the rich Mr Raymond. We shall have a delicious time—so much pleasanter than to go where everybody goes—I hate a crowd.' Mrs Manning was a good-natured woman; but she could not help thinking with some complacency on her return home, how much happier she was than many of her friends, and how they must envy her. 'Poor Mrs F—' said she to herself, 'her husband, stingy old fellow! never allows her any pleasure, and Mrs L. with her large family never can go any where, and her sister, Miss W. she is so homely and unfashionable, she may as well stay at home, for *Miss W.* she will be, to the end of her days. Then she thought of Mrs Selwyn, in her small house, with its plain furniture—attending to her domestic concerns herself—dressed in a simple dark calico gown. It was very seldom *she* was included in her visits; for notwithstanding the superiority of Mrs Manning's house, furniture and dress, the calm, dignified manner of Mrs Selwyn, and the perfect indifference with which she invariably listened to her professions of friendship always discomposed her. 'Poor Mrs Selwyn!' said she, as she reflected on her morning's call; 'how resigned she seems to her lot; but to be sure, she was very plainly brought up, and is therefore much better fitted to be Mr Selwyn's wife than I was'—and unconsciously she sighed. Perhaps in the depth of her heart, she felt that Mrs Selwyn was not much to be pitied—but she was accustomed to control or rather to banish such feelings, for her heart was seared by 'love of the world, and of the things of the world.'—Mrs Manning had reached the age of twenty-eight before she had changed her name, notwithstanding she possessed a very pretty person, and much expense had been lavished on her education by her doting parents. They were not wealthy, but they lived well, and moved in a very respectable circle, and their only daughter, 'came out' as the phrase is, with considerable eclat. One of her earliest beaux was Mr Selwyn. He was intelligent, agreeable, and pious—she liked his attendance—she loved to hear him converse.—He was superior to all around her; and when, as they walked together, he would point out to her the beauties of nature, expatiate upon the follies of fashionable life, and dwell upon the goodness of the Creator and the ingratitude of man; she admired his eloquence, and would fancy for a moment that she should be happy to lead, with him, such a life as he often pictured to her—a life of retirement and virtuous industry and usefulness. But as she plunged deeper into the mazes of fashionable frivolity, she learned to stifle such feelings, to crush the warm impulses of her young heart, and to adopt the cold maxims of worldly policy. She had many admirers—and intoxicated by their flattery and her own vanity, the amiable, pleasing, but weak girl, was quickly transformed into a coquettish, manœuvring woman. Mr Selwyn was not long blind to her real character. Her beauty had first attracted him; but finding her deficient in those charms of mind and worth, without which, Beauty is but a vain profession; he withdrew from her fascinations, not to exclaim, in his disappointment, against the whole sex, as frail, inconstant and mercenary; but to seek again with sobered judgment for that 'pearl of great price,' a virtuous wife. In Julia Wentworth, the object of Mrs Manning's pity, as Mrs Selwyn, he thought he discovered a mind and heart 'congenial to his own'—and after a marriage of seven years, the husband could truly say—

'How much the wife is dearer than the bride.'

In the mean time, the object of his first love, after reigning as a belle for some years, without meeting with a lover who was unexceptionable in every qualification, she had judged requisite to her future lord, at last accepted the offers of a man of twice her years, and became Mrs Manning.—They were, as the world goes, a very happy couple. He had married, because, in his declining years he began to feel the want of a good housekeeper, and a kind nurse; and to tell the truth, his wife was both, and withal prudent and managing; which latter talent, generally procured her the gratification of her wishes; while he, good man, firmly believed himself the absolute sovereign of his own household.

'My Jane is young,' he would say to himself, 'and has always been gay and admired—I must allow her to appear well, and entertain her friends occasionally. She loves to please me above every thing, and I must acknowledge she selected me from all the world, notwithstanding the difference of age.' No newly married old bachelor could withstand this last argument, and none can wonder that he, who was 'close' to all the world beside, was liberal to his young and pretty wife. They had been married three years at the commencement of our tale, and for the third time Mrs M. was successful in persuading her husband to leave town at the fashionable season for travel.

In a few days, a letter arrived from Mr Raymond with a cordial invitation to them 'to come immediately and remain as long as was agreeable to themselves.' After a pleasant journey of less than two days, across a beautiful country, our travellers arrived at Mr Raymond's and met with a most welcome reception from himself and family.

Mr Raymond was a fair specimen of the better class of our New England farmers—those happiest of all happy people. He had been born in the house in which he lived, and by his own industry, and good management, had so improved his little patrimony, that he was now one of the wealthiest men in the country—while his firm integrity and sound judgment, rendered him one of the most influential. He had filled the office of magistrate for some years with much credit to himself, and none was more generally beloved and respected, than the good, the hospitable Squire Raymond. And equally a favorite with all who knew her, was his gentle, amiable wife. Their greatest trouble—for all must have their share, had been the loss of several children, and though time had softened their grief, yet Mr Raymond oftentimes sighed that he had only a daughter to inherit his wealth. But that daughter! He felt it would be ungrateful to repine, when Heaven had left them such a treasure. And the sigh of regret was forgiven, for it was succeeded by the prayer of humble gratitude. With delight did the fond parents watch the opening mind of their child; and spared no pains to enrich the fruitful soil; to check the growth of every noxious weed of Passion, and to bring to perfection, the sweet flowers of Innocence and Piety. Just blossoming into woman, she [illegible] all that they could wish; in person, mind, and [illegible] they regarded in her beauty and worth, with but little fear for her future destiny; for their trust in Him [illegible] whom they had received the gift, was [illegible]—and He was the guardian of their beloved girl.

It was impossible for any one not to value the friendship of this charming family; and even Mrs Manning forgot, for a time, her love of fashion and display, and exerted herself to prove an agreeable guest. But her manœuvring spirit did not forsake her—and she had not been a week in the house before she determined to procure her niece for a companion during the next winter. It was a mystery to her, how a young girl, brought up as Caroline had been, should be graceful and accomplished; but both she certainly was, and beautiful too, and she pleased herself with the thought of her own future importance, as chaperon to one so lovely and attractive. With her usual skill, she contrived that her husband should himself suggest the idea, and the dutiful wife expressed herself 'happy to gratify him by taking charge of her young niece.'

Caroline was [illegible] with the thought, and exclaiming, '[illegible] to go,' hastened to her parents to obtain their consent. She found them together, and the serious manner of her father, and her mother's tearful eyes, convinced her that this invitation from the Mannings had been the subject of their conversation.

'We know what you would say, my love,' said Mr Raymond, as, with quickened breath, and glowing cheek, she was about to speak her wishes, and entreat their approval; 'We will decide in this matter as we shall think best for you. Can you be contented to abide by our judgment?'

Caroline's heart sunk within her at the possibility of disappointment; but implicit obedience to her parents was the guiding principle of her life. 'You know I will, my dear father,' said she, after a moment's pause; but her voice trembled, and throwing herself on her mother's neck, she hid the tears she could not wholly restrain.

'Go and amuse yourself for awhile dearest,' said her mother tenderly, 'we will end your suspense in a few hours.'

Caroline left them—but vain was the effort to fortify her mind against what she feared would be the result of this deliberation. Mechanically did she endeavor to pursue her usual avocations, but her music and her flowers had no longer any charms for her; and even the chirping of her favorite little bird, deprived of his accustomed caress, failed to arouse her from her deep reverie.

So unvaried had been the tenor of Caroline's life, that it was not strange that this little event seemed one of great importance to her; she loved her parents, and her home with enthusiastic fondness, and hitherto had scarcely indulged even a wish to stray beyond the limits of her own little world in search of pleasures of which she liked to read and hear, but which, until assailed by this tempting invitation, she had imagined beyond her reach. Caroline was a very child in feeling, for not yet had that change 'came o'er her young spirit,' which sooner or later rouses the latent sensibilities of woman—calls forth the energies of her nature, and stamps her future destiny with its indelible seal of bliss or woe. Yet was she the object of a passion as pure and disinterested, as ever glowed within the breast of man.

Henry Austin had been left an orphan at an early age, and entrusted with a small inheritance, to the guardianship of Mr Raymond, who, finding him possessed of superior talents, gave him every advantage of education, and aiding him by his counsel and influence, encouraged him to commence the practice of the law—and rejoiced with almost a parent's feeling in his prospect of a brilliant and successful career. Thrown almost entirely into the society of Caroline, Henry had early felt for her more than a brother's tenderness—though as a brother only, he well knew, did Caroline regard him. It was Henry who copied her music, accompanied her in her rides and rendered her all these little nameless attentions which the gentler sex love so well to receive. He had always been the confidant of all her little griefs and joys, and now, when no longer a child, she still treated him with sisterly familiarity, it needed no words to tell him that the love which had become the master spring of his every action, was unknown and unreturned. But though each instance of her playful kindness strengthened his hopeless passion, yet he could not resolve to risk, by a confession of the truth, the loss of that sweet companionship, which formed at once both his happiness and his misery. In an unguarded moment, he however betrayed his secret to Mr Raymond, who, to his surprise, had without hesitation assured him that if he could gain the heart of his daughter, he would joyfully receive him as a son.

'Command yourself a little longer, my dear boy,' said his kind friend. 'There is time enough, and you have no rival to fear—Caroline does not yet know the depths of her own heart—perhaps when she discovers your state of mind, and she is no woman if she does not ere long, she may find that she has unconsciously cherished sentiments, of which she did not dream.'

This conversation renewed the hopes of the ardent youth and for some weeks his heart beat high with visions of future joy; but this invitation from the Mannings again doomed him to despair. Mr Raymond, himself communicated it to him, and bad him dictate the answer. 'For some reasons, Henry,' said he, 'I could wish her to go, but perhaps it would destroy your happiness, and disappoint my long cherished wish of seeing her your wife; for she might return changed in heart. I do not fear her choosing unworthily; but you understand me, and shall yourself decide.'

Bitter was the struggle in the bosom of Henry, but it was short. 'The happiness of your daughter,' said he at length sadly but firmly, 'is dearer to me than my own, and I would not gain even her love by unworthy means. It is time she should have that freedom of choice, which she cannot have in this seclusion; and mingle in the society she is formed both to enjoy and adorn. I may be wretched but I cannot be ungenerous.'

Mr Raymond, pressed his hand with kindly sympathy, and seeking his daughter, informed her she might prepare to accompany her friends on their return to Boston. As the hour of their departure approached, Caroline began to dread separating from all she loved, and her heart smote her as she marked the depression of her mother's spirits, as with choked utterance, she breathed her maternal admonitions.

'You must write my dear girl, and tell us every thing that interests you,' and the fond parent wept as she thought of the dangers that lurked mid the fascinations of the gay world; but she knew that her prayers for her darling had been heard, and answered, and that the holy charm of fervent piety was lodged in her young bosom, and bidding her in every emergency to look to a higher power for assistance and direction, she bade her go to rest, for the next morning at sunrise, she was to commence her journey. Sad was the parting to all, but Henry assumed a cheerfulness which Caroline little thought concealed an aching heart.—'Take care of my birds and my flowers, Henry,' said she, trying to smile, 'and write me all the news.'

Henry placed in her hand a small book, telling her to read it and think of him—and looking the adieu he could not speak, the carriage drove off.

The spirits of Caroline rose, as they were whirled rapidly along, and she was delighted with the beauty of the varied landscape. Now she watched the reflection of the trees and the sky in the blue waters of the Connecticut—and now admired some shaded cot or lovely grove, while her animated expressions of pleasure, amused and pleased her more indifferent companions. They arrived in Boston at sunset next evening, and our heroine was at the summit of happiness. For weeks she was charmed by a constant succession of pleasing novelties, and her letters 'home' vividly described the wonders she met with in Boston.—The beauty of the streets—the grandeur of the houses, her walks on the mall, the gay parties she attended, and the kindness of her new friends, were all commented upon with an innocent warmth which proved the purity of her unsuspecting heart.

'Who is that young divinity you have been talking with?' said a tall handsome young man, to Mrs Manning, one evening at an assembly. 'Do pray [illegible].'

'She is my niece,' answered the lady, [illegible] he was acquainted with her whole history [illegible], that she was not only [illegible]. '[illegible] Everett—Caroline!—Miss Raymond'—and [illegible] politely.

'Will you honor me with your hand for the next dance, Miss Raymond?' Caroline assented to his request with a deep blush at his fixed gaze of admiration.

'Young, lovely, intelligent and rich,' soliloquized Everett after 'seeing her home'—'By Heavens! I was born under a lucky star, and he takes [illegible] gone.'

Poor Caroline! She thought of those bright [illegible] and that low sweet voice which had whispered [illegible] very so delicious that it might have deceived one far more experienced in the arts of man than she was; until her brain was bewildered, and for the first time in her life she passed a restless night. Everett called the next day and the next, and [illegible] became her very shadow. The family of Everett was of the very first class, and he himself, elegant in person and manners, was one of the leaders of the ton. But he was at heart, vain, haughty and sceptical—though in society he was the polished gentleman, and artful and insinuating. Caroline thought him the most perfect of created beings. Alas! what shall preserve her now? Completely fascinated, her days and nights are passed in one delirious dream. But it is not all of joy. At times there is a weight upon her heart—an oppressive burden, for not as usual can she turn to her bible, with the consciousness of a spirit without guile; and even her prayers are mingled with vile thoughts that she cannot control.

'Oh for the quiet of my former life!' murmured she one night—'I have indulged my love of pleasure too far—Heaven will not smile upon a being so selfish and trifling as I am'—and she wept tears of bitter repentance. She took up a book, for she could not bear her own thoughts. It was a Manual of Daily Devotions—the parting gift of Henry. She turned to the text for the day—it bade her 'Commune with her own heart, and be still.' Her mother's last advice rushed upon her mind, and yielding to her better feelings, she threw herself upon her knees, and prayed that she might be brought back into the right path. She arose soothed and refreshed, for light and peace had gleamed upon her soul. She determined to ask the counsel of Mrs Selwyn, with whom she had become intimate; for she felt she was a wiser friend than Mrs Manning. It was at her house that she had lately heard Everett spoken of in terms that had shocked her, and caused her to fear that her love was guilt, if those words were true.

'If he is indeed unprincipled, I will tear him from my heart, though to do so would snap its life-strings.' No longer a timid girl, she was herself astonished at her own resolution—but she had received strength in her hour of need, and shrunk not from what was before her. Mrs Selwyn listened to her with a mother's kindness, and portrayed the real character of Everett, with a display of proofs that left no room for doubt, and Caroline blushed at her own credulity.

The declaration was soon made, with a confidence of success, which happily brought to her aid all a woman's pride, and Everett was thunderstruck by a respectful but firm rejection of his offers. He demanded the reason.

'We could never be happy together, our habits, our tastes are entirely opposite.'

Inflamed almost to madness, he gave vent to [illegible] in violent upbraidings. 'Some meddling fool has destroyed my happiness and perhaps your own Caroline,' added he more mildly, as he marked her increasing paleness.

'You are mistaken sir, I never could be happy as your wife.' And they parted forever.

On receiving the next letter from his daughter, Mr Raymond set out to bring her home, and declining with thanks the solicitations of Mrs Manning for one more week, they left the city the day after his arrival. She parted with some regret from the Mannings, and from Mrs Selwyn with more—but she yearned to embrace her best earthly friend, and confide to her all she had suffered. With all a mother's tenderness, did Mrs Raymond pour into her wounded spirit, the balm of sympathy; and Caroline soon recovered her serenity, and as the lily lifts up his drooping head when the storm has passed over it with revived beauty, so did she emerge from her 'fiery ordeal,' improved in character and strengthened in faith.

'But I can never love again,' sighed she, when she reflected on the past, with that feeling of desolation which attends the awaking from the first youthful dream of bliss. 'No, I will never love again.' As well might she have restrained the fountain near which she loved to wander, from gushing forth into its thousand little streams. The very essence of her being was love to all that was worth loving; and to concentrate that love upon himself, was now the desire of Henry Austin. He knew from Mr Raymond the trial through which she had passed, and he admired her heroic self-command, while no feeling of jealousy weakened his pity for the repulsed Everett. Caroline was changed in manner to him, for intuitively did she now understand his feelings, and she wished him to judge by her reserve, that his affection was unrequited. But in vain did she reject his attentions, hoping to check a passion which she thought just in the bud. He was provokingly blind to her coldness; yet never by word or sign, did he reveal to her his love. She knew it only by that undefinable sympathy which all who have loved have felt, but none can analyse.

'Will it always be thus?' thought she, and she no longer avoided him. 'He shall have an opportunity to declare himself, if he wants it; the sooner his suspense is ended, the better,' was the feeling which now prompted her again to treat him as formerly. Henry seemed to her an altered being. No longer melancholy and grave, his sprightly sallies frequently beguiled her from her pensiveness; while his noble sentiments, the depth and variety of his information and the ease and elegance of his conversation, astonished her, and she wondered she could ever have preferred one so much his inferior. From regretting his misplaced attachment, she began imperceptibly to fear that she had mistaken him—that he did not love her—and when at last, Henry poured forth the suppressed feelings of years with a fervent and romantic ardor that almost overcame her, Caroline was no longer insensible.

'I am unworthy of your love, Henry,' said she, 'and if you knew—'

'I know all dearest—say but that you love me now—that you will be mine, and to make you happy shall be the study of my future life.'

Caroline forgot her vow, never to love again, and gave the required promise.

On her next visit to Boston, she appeared as the bride of Henry Austin, and as she met the scornful glance of the now reckless and dissipated Everett, she clung closer to the arm of her husband, rejoiced that she was the wife of one for whom she never need to blush—and that without a shade of doubt she could implore Heaven's blessing on their union. J. F. C.

THE SUN. A writer in the Providence Journal says—the present appearance of the disc of the sun is somewhat unusual; there are to be seen about twenty distinct spots on its surface, one of which is very large; and towards the edges of the sun may be seen extensive ridges of whitened elevation, which appear like ranges of mountains. The large dark spot above alluded to, may be seen to change its shape and size while viewing it, thereby fully proving them to be produced by the smoke of volcanoes.

A story is told of a neat old lady in the Ancient Dominion, who was so very neat that she rubbed her floor with sand until she fell through into the cellar, and broke her leg, which caused her death.

NEW ENGLAND GALAXY.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1835.

SUBSCRIPTIONS. As the publishers have adopted an *invariable* rule, to answer no orders for the paper from persons out of the city without subscription money or a reference, so we can consider himself particularly offended by a refusal. If they forward to some, and neglect others, there would be ground for complaint—but no distinction is made.

PEREGRINATIONS.—No. III.

THE regulations of the Post office, in our city, are such as, in general, afford the highest satisfaction to our citizens. Attention and correctness are bestowed upon every department of this important item of public convenience. But in one respect, we want to see a reform.

Passing through Washington street on Sunday last, opposite the City Hall, we noticed a file of people, extending almost into the centre of the street, waiting until their turn should come to be attended to. As this delay is wholly unnecessary, and could be obviated with but little inconvenience, we have deemed it proper to remark upon it. Our city requires more than one delivery hole. True, it is commendable to save as far as is practicable and proper—but let retrenchment act on those points, (and they are many) in which money is uselessly expended, but never let time and comfort be wasted to subserve a niggardly economy.—How easily might the alphabet be split, as it is in other cities, and the public accommodated in half the time that it is at present! The arrangements of the Portland office with a far smaller population, are far superior to our own in this particular. No man wants to wait an hour in idleness, until Tom, Dick and Harry have been served. Time is money—and more of this valuable stock in trade is now wholly lost, than would fee a dozen delivery clerks. It would be well for the Postmaster to look into this.

The ladies, while they loudly thank us for our notice of the crates in School street, at the same time have filed a complaint that the nuisance is not yet abated: and that we must bear down a second time, upon the respectable firm on the corner. We will—we will—with such backers, we could even oppose all justice, and fight in the face and eyes of truth. How valiant should we be then, when justice and truth are manifestly on our side? We are nerved for anything that may encounter us.

Therefore, to come to the point. It is too bad, Messrs ——&——, to block up the street which is the thoroughfare for all the tender ones in the West part of the city.—Why, gentlemen, where is your gallantry? Have years of silent sufferance on the part of these injured sweeteners of existence, made you bold and disregardful? True, the vigilance of authority in respect to you, has long been sleeping—and, perhaps on this account, you unflinchingly lean upon the offending crates, and look unblushingly into the faces of the passers by. Forgive us, then, if we give authority a jog on the elbow. Mr Pollard—Mr Pollard—where are you? You are a gallant man, we know—come, and gain the admiration of the gentler sex. We know that you will be aroused at the thought of the fair ones you will fight for—come—wage war against the crates in School-street.

We think of adopting a standing title, set in large, striking letters—viz: 'CITY NUISANCES'—and the first item beneath will be, 'Sundry crates eternally thrust forth upon the sidewalk at the corner of School and Washington streets.' The Marshall must rub his eyes, and look about him.

'Hourra for our city firemen!' we are tempted to exclaim. It did us good to see them, ay and hear them, too, on Thursday morning, at the fire in Court street with their 'one—two—three—four'—'up and down!' No wonder our firemen stand pre-eminent, when they exert themselves so energetically, promptly and efficiently, yet with perfect discipline and self-command, to combat with the raging element. No wonder that the subdued flame hisses in angry humiliation, and, hiding itself in a broad wreath of smoke, flies away before its conquerors! The operations of our Fire Department are almost a matter of astonishment to various Congress come at a moment's warning, rattling on to the scene of destruction—and ere many moments have elapsed—'Up and down!'—and the building is deluged—and absolutely drips at every pore with astonishment to see itself so handled. Success and long life to the boys!

H.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER—*devoted to every department of Literature and the Fine Arts.*

A thundering long title, which we recommend the proprietors to abridge without an hour's delay, after receiving this number of the New-England Galaxy. Beside being altogether too *lengthy*, as we say here, it is altogether unworthy of the magnificent South. It betrays a sort of self-distrust—a something calculated to cover too much ground, as if no *southern* paper could hope to succeed, even at the *south*, unless covering as much territory as a moderate-sized encyclopedia.—It smacks moreover of pretension, as well as of doubt, and all these things we hold to be undignified—unmanly—and *therefore*, certainly out of place with our high-minded brethren of the South, the children of the sun.

Abridge the title. Inscribe on the forehead of such a gallant undertaking, one or two brief words, and let there be a motto—like a banner—underneath which a great people may never be ashamed to fight, whether of this or of another age. If the South is to betake herself to the field of literature at all, it should be after a fashion worthy of her character and resources, '*in panoply complete!*' Instead of *hoping* for encouragement, she should command it, from the strength and flower of the people—summoning them to the rescue in a body, as with the 'trumpet's dread hourrah!'

What if they call this the *Southern Messenger*—the work having already obtained a sort of reputation under that, as a part of its title—and stand by it accordingly?

Of the preceding editor we know nothing. Of the present we know this, and we lose no time in saying so, he is *emphatically* a man of genius. Being a man of genius, it will depend *altogether* upon the sort of encouragement he receives, whether the work be a matter of pride or of reproach to the south. Feed the furnace—if you hope for a triumphant issue. If you would know whether that which men call earth, may not be full of subterranean sunshine—of the purest gold—you must try it with fire, and the hotter the better. Wood up!—if you mean to go ahead!

We have no time, though a plenty of inclination, to review this number, the last of the year, as it deserves. But still, though we cannot do altogether as we would wish in the premises, we can spare a paragraph or two on the efforts of the editor, Mr Edgar A. Poe—on two or three other articles—and in justification of what we have said, and yet mean to say, in favor of the *Literary Messenger*, for so we shall persist in calling it, whatever others may do. We abominate long names—and cannot stomach the idea of a Southerner distrusting a Southerner.

But first—a word with the Richmond Enquirer, whose opinion of the work appears on the inside cover. What the devil do you mean by the following passage? Speaking of the editor you say, 'His *notices* are learned without pedantry, and his criticisms are *redolent* of a poet's taste, and beaming with a poet's fire.'—Hav'n't ye such a thing as an English Dictionary in your office?—If so, just step into the nearest bookstore and get one to suit yourself, and have it charged to—any body you please—Andrew Jackson or the Richmond Enquirer. How can you be guilty of such things, after all we have said on the subject! Who will care a fig for your opinion of a literary work, if you are guilty of such unforgiveable nonsense?

Tripoli.—Good. If the other six numbers are equal to this, they ought to be bound up together and republished.

Indian Legerdemain, etc.—In from the MS. of D. D. Mitchell. If we had room, we should extract these two papers. They *are* wonderful; and if no joke, are enough to re-establish a belief in *Sorcery* and *Prophecy*.

On the death of James Gibbon Carter,—though written by *Marmba*—pha!

Lines and Stanzas.—The first, far too newspaperish for a literary journal, and the last, *fair*.

Lionel Granby: Chap. V.—Clever—though not as *lively* as we could wish for a novel.

Letters from a Sister: XVII.—Pleasant, easy and faithful.

Burning of the Richmond Theatre.—'From the pen of a venerable lady of Virginia.'

Jack Tell has poetry in him—so she's stop in particularize.

The Revisitant.—The old story managed in rather a new way.

The Ocean: O. H. C. D.—Two or three good thoughts—and about as many happy expressions. The author wants practice and fervor, and above all a hearty contempt for most of the old-fashioned classics—the despair of all earthly literature.

The Sexes: No. III.—We don't give the titles at length—our paper isn't large enough. A chapter worth volumes heretofore perpetrated on the same subject: in short *capital*.

To F.—by H.—Fiddle de-dee.

To Mary.—Ditto—ditto.

Song: by Morna.—Here is a touch of real poetry—

'Though the flowers of feeling are fallen and faded—
And the heart by *their withered leaves o'ershaded*,
May hide a thorn though it nurse the pain!
Yet the *flowers of memory may still remain!*'

though more than half suggested, what a pity! by Moore's

'You may break—you may ruin the vase, if you will
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!'

But very beautiful, nevertheless, and where most beautiful not suggested by anybody—we dare say, barring always the 'bright particular star,' intended by the sorrowing Morna.

Remember me Love: by Mrs Ann Roy.—Eloquent, impassioned and lofty—what can be more *touching* and *beautiful* than this?

'And should grief or death assail *me*, love,
While thou art o'er the dark blue wave,
And carest not to soothe or save,
My latest sigh shall be breathed for thee,
On my fading lips thy name shall be,
And my dying words *shall be a prayer*
To Heaven that thou may'st love me there!'

And what more exalted and generous than the following?

'When afar thou art roaming love
In sunny climes where maiden's eyes
Beam bright as their own glowing skies,
Where lofty domes and scented bowers
Gleam with the golden orange flowers;
And many a column and fallen *fane* } false rhyme.
Tell of Italia's buried *fame*,
Oh then remember me, love!

To Sarah.—Boyish but sincere.

Bon Bon: By Edgar A. Poe.—Excellent!—we need not say more—Excellent!

Lines to Thomas H. White.—Evidently intended for a newspaper.

A Maniac's Address to the Moon.—Real poetry.

To a Nephew: by Mrs Ann Roy.—Sweet and graceful.

Lines: by Alex. Lacy Beard.—Here is another specimen of the right sort of ore—showing what the south—he is of the south *we hope*—is capable of.

A Mexican Journal.—Interesting and satisfactory.

Ballad.—Very sweet and very affectionate.

The Coliseum: Edgar A. Poe.—Majestic and powerful poetry.

The Watch-House.—Well worth continuing; but wherefore *Pertinax Placid*? These absurdities have gone by, with the inventors of Sir Benjamin Backbite, Roderick Random, and Humphrey Clinker. Why give your readers a *clue* to your story, and perhaps to your catastrophe, in the very first line of the title-page? what if Peter Simple and such fellows *are* all the go,—is that a reason for regenerating these tricks of the trade?

Translations.—Clever, faithful and happy.

Critical Notices.—Rather too cautious, but lively.

There!—we have done with the *Literary Messenger*, and all we have to say in conclusion is—Men of the South! —awake!—up with your banners! out with all your strength —if the *Literary Messenger* is not now altogether what it should be—make it so!—It is your fault, and will be your reproach, if the South continue to be what it now is, *barren of Literature!* N.

THE TOKEN. We thank the publishers for the copy they have sent us: and we shall endeavor to do it justice.

One of our papers has asserted that it is improper and ungenerous to criticise the Token. That it is an American work, and that its beauties should be noticed and its faults lightly passed over. We are of exactly a contrary opinion. We are ever disposed to be as lenient to professed authors as truth will allow. They make their heads their stock in trade, and are willing to receive their remuneration in proportion to the value of their goods. They do as well as they can, and should be taken for what they are worth. But an Annual is offered to the public at a very high price. Writers of the greatest celebrity supply its pages. Its typographical execution is expected to be a first rate specimen of the advancement of the arts. Its embellishments are trumpeted as of a high order—and the pretension which it makes to superiority, subjects it to the severest ordeal of criticism—and with these views we have read it, and shall comment on it.

And first. Its typographical execution is in parts good —in parts bad. We like to see a volume worked equally—and not find one page pale and another dark. As for the correctness of the *proof* department, if we may call it so, we are surprised that so many mistakes could have been overlooked. On one single page we found three periods wanting. Could all these have been broken off? There is an elision in the word lightning—what is that for?

The engravings by Cheney are exquisite—far superior to their companions—placing the artist in the highest rank of his profession. The Panther Scene is in general very good—but we don't like the looks of 'old Brave'—he might be taken for any kind of animal, as well as a dog. 'The Hunters of the Prairie,' is very pleasing—but in this picture, as in the one just commented on, the animals have not strong distinctive marks. The dogs look like scared rabbits.

'I'll think of that!'—engraved by Gallaudet—painted by S. S. Osgood—is *execrable!*—discreditable to the engraver, and of course detracting from the merit of the painter. Now let us remark, by way of digression, how much the painter is in the power of the engraver—the one can make or mar the reputation of the other, in the same manner that the actor can 'fix' or damn the dramatic author; and Mr Gallaudet has done his very best, we should think, to damn Mr Osgood. We had a curiosity to determine the accuracy of this engraving, and strolled with a friend to Mr O.'s rooms, where the original is—and we advise all who are disgusted with 'I'll think of that,' to visit the beautiful painting it is taken from. It is a portrait of Miss Claybourne of Louisiana. In justice to Mr O. we make this statement.

We cannot particularise all the engravings—many of them are beautiful.

The literary portion of the work, the most important part, is, as a whole *inferior*. Indeed, when we look at the names of those who have contributed, and see what we have a right to expect, we are astonished at the little they have done in the book creditable to their fame. Let us take up a few in order.

Mr Goodrich's piece to 'The title page,'—is very well—with an ending much to the purpose. 'New Year's Day,' by Mrs Sedgwick, is no more than common-place—unworthy the name of its authoress. 'Anna's Picture'—by Florence, is very pretty and poetical, like all this lady's poetry. We shall copy it probably next week. 'The Bride,' by Mrs Sigourney, may be found on our last page—enough to say it is worthy of the Hemans of America. 'Wealth and Fashion'—very fair. 'The Last of the Household,' by Grenville Mellen, is we think the best piece we have seen by that author. It is written in the true spirit of poesy.—'Constance Allerton,' by Miss Leslie, we must utterly condemn. There is in it no apparent knowledge of human nature. The subject is a good one, and we agree with the authoress in her views—but she has contrived to render her story most intolerably dull and uninteresting. 'Fountain eyre,' by B. B. Thatcher—very pretty. Last of all, but not least, we take up 'The young Phrenologist,' by John Neal.

What! we hear the reader exclaim—He criticising John Neal!—Oh it is *too much*—'*much too much!*' Yes—even so. We, 'the unfledged H-Editor of the Galaxy,' with our pin feathers scarce grown, presume to handle our Senior'—and that Senior—JOHN NEAL! We are in for it —so, here goes!

The opening description forms one of the most vivid pictures we ever remember to have read. The scene is brought as it by magic before the eye. A painter could sketch it without pausing—so bright and beautiful is it! The periods too, are most musical and sonorous,—it is all glowing with the poetry—that is the beginning—we will compare with the beginning of 'The young Phrenologist.'

As we read on we become exceedingly interested. We were transported the curtain intended, and expect some marvellous denouement—but—in our view, we don't exactly get it—we rise from reading it with an impression upon our minds something like the dim memory of a pleasant dream—its outlines distinct, but the filling up imperfect.—But manuscript, which will be published next week, from Mr N. himself, about himself and the To-ban, has just come in—so we, the junior, shall throw off the 'responsibility' and say no more about it. H.

THE KNICKERBOCKER, for Sept. Samuel Colman, Boston; Colman & Chisholm, Portland. Received too late for notice.

LONDON QUARTERLY: No. XVII. New-York: Theodore Foster. This undertaking of Mr Theodore Foster—as we have said before, and as we mean to keep saying, till he sets five thousand a year from the republication of these journals, deserves to be encouraged by every real American. And this for two reasons—First, it is a very cheap work—dog cheap—and next a very useful one.—What more could a *natyus*, who understands the true character of his countrymen, say in favor of any work?

The best article in this excellent number—notwithstanding its laughable self-sufficiency, and off-hand-ness, in the way of taking quotations, of which the Reviewer like the Review-er is confoundedly ignorant, is the paper on Miss Fanny Kemble's book—we we can't bear to call her *Mistress Butler*—our hostility doesn't go to such lengths. And sooth to say, the passages we found extracted have altered our opinion of her Kemble-ship, not a little to her advantage. We had never read her book—though we rather think we shall now, if we ever have a chance with her at our elbow; but we must say, and we do say—that it shows, judging by a column of those extracts, a great deal of cleverness, and of something else whereto we have had a prodigious liking—that is to say—plain living *truth*—with not a little downright impudence and blackguardism, put into natural and generous English. To say all in a word—unjust and impudent—ungrateful and presumptuous though Fanny Kemble may be as a writer—and we say nothing about her as an *actress*, out of sheer compassion to what there is left of her—and her's—there is one thing in her favor for which we are inclined to reverence her.—There is 'a laughing devil in her *eye*,' if nowhere else; and she never thinks it worth her while, that butter won't melt in *her* mouth although she does wear petticoats—or *did* before marriage, if all they say is true.

And by the way, this reminds us that when we were last in Boston—a friend assured us that if we would only undertake to read *the Journal*, we should like the author—and would probably throw ourselves head foremost into the arena, armed, if not in *celestial*, 'panoply complete'—armed to the teeth like a gladiator—in her defence.—That friend must have understood something of our character—and of *her's*—whether this is a compliment to the *lady* is another question—but we said *no;* and no we mean to stick to —for the present.

And therefore—we recommend the encouragement of Mr Theodore Foster's republication of the *Quarterlies*—ragtag and bob-tail—the whole bunch of them.

P. S. At the end of another paper, on the *Life of Kean*, by Barry Cornwall—alias Proctor—a saucy, smart, unjust and lively article, which we have no time to dash over as it deserves, author and all—we find the following passage: 'For the present, we must conclude with assuring the *few respectable persons*, male and female, who still adorn the profession of the stage, that we sincerely pity the mortification which must have been inflicted on them by the contemporaneous appearance of *Mrs Butler's Journal* and this Life of Kean.' But enough—enough—what scream was that!—*Let go my hair!* N.

LA REVUE FRANÇAISE: for July. Delayed by the fire at New York, which consumed about half the number —which half by the way is all the better—*perhaps*—for the purification. But stay—we can do that better, and be more original and newspaperish. The celebrated French Review, which was lately consumed at New York, has reappeared, *like a Phenix from its ashes*, &c. &c. &c.—hourra! Anybody, may find the article, provided he will not forget to say at the very last end of the article: 'we recommend the Revue Francaise with all possible earnestness and sincerity. N.'

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE: Part 10. Boston: Samuel Colman. Almost the only popular work we know, worthy of its reputation. It abounds, among other matters, with very decentish wood illustrations. N.

PARLEY'S ALMANAC: 1836. Sam'l Colman. Better than Almanacs in general, with a goodly number of so-so-ish, two or three exceedingly clever, and about as many more *detestable* engravings. N.

GENTLEMEN'S WASH BOOK. Sam'l Colman. Excellent—if you can but persuade travellers to use it. We shall, and urge it upon the respectful consideration of others. Does the publisher mean for us to give bills, and take receipts of our washerwomen?—or only to pass over a copy of the record? The last we suppose. N.

JUVENILE MISCELLANY. Mrs Sarah J. Hale. Pretty and well adapted to children of a *certain* age.—Too good for babies though. N.

TALES OF THE PEERAGE AND PEASANTRY: Edited by Lady Dacre. Harper & Brothers: New-York.—Judging by the preface—and we have *read* no further—this must be a very readable and *conscientious* book. N.

THE MUSICAL LIBRARY—Published under the direction of the Boston Academy—E. R. Broaders. We hail any work on Music, if it have any merit, with the greatest pleasure we cannot get too much of this good thing—and the work before us has most competent endorsers. The Waltz and March which open the work are enchanting. That's as far as we have got. H.

PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES in English Grammar—by R. G. Parker of the Franklin School. The sale of the first part of this work, shows how well it is appreciated—and properly too—and we are glad to see the Second Part.—The arrangement of the rules and examples, will tend to obviate many of the difficulties which pupils now labor under in learning their own tongue. We should like to devote more time and paper to remarks on so good a work. H.

CHEESE PARINGS.

CONSOLATION FOR THE AFFLICTED. In the darkest water are bright spots—and they show where the treasures lie.

GESTURE. We once heard a very worthy man, speaking of another's gesticulation, so employ the words as to satisfy us that he misunderstood the meaning of the word, as probably no other mortal ever did or ever will misunderstand it—'Why,' said he 'I can't say how't I liked him over much; he bobbed this way an he bobbed that, and he *jest tickulated* a little with his arms—but there was no life in him!'

Others we have seen that jest-tickulated like a telegraph —and about as much to the purpose—after you had got accustomed to it, though not before. The blockheads!—will they never know—or are they incapable of knowing, that gestures to be good for any thing, must be natural?—that like the cadence or intonation of the voice, if wholly acquired, they are wholly artificial, and wholly worthless.—Teachers of elocution may correct and improve, but they are knaves or fools when they undertake to *supply*. If men's limbs *think*, they will *act*—if not, not; and nothing short of Almighty power can make them. Watch two or three children at play, and study the difference in their action. It is constitutional. You might alter their eyes or noses about as well as their flings and flourishes.

YANKEEISMS. Had a *cold snap* last night hey?—a flirt of snow.—Family well? Cleverly I thank you; how's yours? Well, so's to be kickin; or so's to be stirrin.—Ben to Portsmouth, hey?

STANDARDS. Men judge of others by that in which they themselves are supposed to excel. Be prepared therefore to play with every man—at his own game—or with his own weapon. If you doubt, try the question for yourself. Praise a man extravagantly to a fiddler—and my life on it, he says, ah!—does he—pretending to draw the bow, or crooking the fingers of his left hand with an air—does he do it well, hey? Poor fellow! he has no idea of transcendent excellence, unassociated with a fiddle.

GHOSTS. Books sometimes re-appear long after the death of their authors, as if to haunt the public for cruelty or neglect.

WILFULNESS. There goes a man who is eternally setting his boat against wind and tide, and complaining of the *obstinacy* of both.

WESTERN LANDSCAPE. A rough drawing with very black ink on very white paper.

DRUNKARDS. There are people who are drunk every day of their lives—who are tipsy all the time that nobody knows it, merely because their friends are too kind-hearted to save them. It never enters the heads of such tipplers that they are suspected of drinking a drop. And they go on tippling and tippling—from the fireside to the communion-table—and from the communion-table to the grave.—We know a man who died of good old age—and kept his character to the last, though he had p—pumped away two or three brick stores and a house lot, every year, for the last five years of his life, till he dropped into the grave.

LANGUAGE. In a foreign country, you are literally obliged to eat your own words; every time you open your mouth at a table. You are confused of course to what you know the name of; and if you mistake the word or the pronunciation—alas for you!—It is all the same. Down it goes! and down it must go!

A TRUE POET. His imagination is ever in blast. The furnace-fire is never extinguished. Whatever he touches undergoes a purification—smelted with insupportable fire, it must be purified or disappear. The crucible of his thought is a volcano.

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE. You mistake. It is not that we love to fish in troubled water; but that if the waters are not troubled by ourselves or another—they stagnate and there is no healing in them. Look at our atmosphere—the sun—tides—always in motion, always!—

'For even in the tranquillest climes
Light breezes *will* ruffle the flowers sometimes.'

And so up from the flowers to the skies; from the scented breath of the west wind, 'sweeping o'er banks of violets,' to the earthquake and the thunderstorm—all are but ministering powers, to keep us awake.

AUTHORS. A man who is *only* an author, whatever else he may be, is a beggar and a fool. Literary men are at the mercy of the public, whenever they are without a profession, a trade or a fortune.—The dear public will pay more to the rich man who needs not their help, than to the poor starving for sympathy. The high prices believed to have been paid by British book-sellers to certain of the patrician authors of our day, has made the fortunes of the publishers, and actuated the good people who

'Judge the worth of any thing
By so much money as 'twill bring'—

to pay guineas for what is hardly a pennyworth.

A CHARACTER. I meet nobody to adopt my opinions; but I have determined that my reader shall have now what they never had before—a *choice*. N.

THE DRAMA.

A NEW broom, they say, sweeps clean—let us give a brush or two.

Mad'selle Celeste has just completed a long engagement at the Tremont. We intended to criticise one or two of her new pieces as they appeared; but circumstances have prevented, and it may be as well to take her performances as a whole, and tell what we think of them.

The lady is undoubtedly a very—very graceful dancer—and her pantomime acting is extremely pleasing, in consequence of the finish of her gestures—though, by the by as to any knowledge they convey, they would answer as well for one idea as another. Here we must stop—we can give no farther praise.

We have had for some time a literary connection with the theatre, and are much interested that it should be pruned from all improper tendencies, or any exhibitions that will tend to degrade it. We are conscious that we are coming out boldly in the assertion we are about to make—but the opinion which has given rise to it, has been formed after mature deliberation—we are decided, that Mad'selle Celeste's dancing is *highly immoral*—and of course improper, and calculated to lessen the respectability of the stage.

We know that she has been every where praised—her movements have been called the 'poetry of motion'—and she denominated by admiring swains 'the fairy—the sylph' &c. &c. &c. Some may ridicule our views and talk of 'affected modesty,' 'prudish squeamishness,' and the like—it won't trouble us. We shall still adhere to the ground we have taken. Her grace, so far from destroying in any measure, the indelicacy of her movements, serves to increase the evil effects. There is immorality in her dancing. Nothing should be represented on the stage, that a man would be unwilling for his wife or sister to perform in his own parlor. Let Mad. Celeste's supporters ask themselves if they would permit this?—for the question is a fair test of the propriety of her performances. They would not do it.—We have seen modest women blush when looking at her—that is proof enough for us—yes, the very fact that she requires defence in such a case, in the best argument against her.

As to the Dramas she has produced, if we except two or three, such as 'The French Spy,' and 'The Wept of the Wish-ton-wish—what are they?—Miserable in every respect—almost beneath criticism. But we will take up some of them as their names occur to us.

The French Spy—Admirable. Dialogue pointed, machinery well arranged, incidents new and interesting—but why has not Mr Barry, for the gratification of his audiences, performed the part of the wild Arab—Mahommed—this season? We never saw a more startling personation than was his of this character—while poor Mr Fenno—

Victoire—Said on the bills to be written by Celeste—of course she never penned a word of it, and her avaricious spirit is painfully disgusting, that she will condescend to let honor go, and put her name to such a mass of trash.—Victoire is abominable in every respect. Patriotic sentiments are lugged in neck and heels wherever they will come, making the hearer absolutely sick at the stomach.—We never knew that Washington settled a love affair just after the battle of Yorktown; but we presume that this event has heretofore been forgotten by historians, and will hereafter be properly mentioned to the renown of our great patriot. The play is full of those palpable inconsistencies which shock propriety. A huge cannon points through the side of Washington's tent—English and Americans occupy the same ground at almost the same time—Smith, a Colonel of dragoons, valorously leads a score of ragamuffin foot-soldiers to battle—Comer, a major of horse is dressed in infantry habiliments—and Leman, to look *most* soldier-like mounts on his shoulder the *aiguulet* which has just been adopted in the army, as a badge in '76!—Poor Fenno took a character apparently intended by the senseless author for an English dandy officer, which he made out more than a fool—so much for this.—

Then there's the *Fall of Derna*—we can't go on—or some one will have to call a physician to restore our shattered nerves.—

One word in passing to the company.

Mr Smith, you almost defy criticism. You go through your parts with such a 'knock-me-down' air, that we don't know what to say to you—Un-Smith yourself once—will you try?

Mr Gilbert, we pray you don't hiss and spit out your words as you have of late—you seem to us, to believe in the old doctrine of transmigration, and are determined to practice well, before you change into that abused reptile—a snake. Improve! improve!

Messrs Leman and Whiting we are glad to praise. They pursue the 'even tenor of their way,' without bluster or bubble. Each is consistent and ever at his post. We owe Mr Leman a debt of gratitude, for his attention to an affair of ours last year, and sometime or other, hope to repay it.

Miss Kerr, with all politeness, we pray you to do no more what the bill calls '*dancing*.' The best dancer is not the one who jumps highest, 'strams widest, and gets out of breath soonest. No Miss Kerr—you get into a terrible fluster—but you don't dance. It were a sin to call it dancing. Do Mr Manager, give us oftener the chaste movements of Miss McBride.

Mr Fenno, you must learn the difference between a horizontal and a perpendicular. You stand too straight by ten degrees—you verify the words of Shakspeare. Your

'Vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other (side.)'

You must learn too, to enunciate in a Christian manner—you don't do so now, by any means.

And do all of you pronounce better. In ancient days, the stage was quoted as a model of pronunciation by the dictionary compilers—they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry for quarter, should they hear the barbarous murder of the King's English nightly perpetrated on our boards. Mrs Smith, (its the only fault we find with you) don't say occasion, &c—Rice, say anything but consumption—and remember all, that you are always—sometimes—you are wrong if you use it in any adjective—'I tell ye' —'I will murder ye'—&c. As to the French—that is not only murdered, but drawn and quartered.

So much for the new broom—how does it sweep?

N. B. Soon will the vocalists Mr and Mrs Wood appear. Will their tuneful notes and modest demeanor fill the house as have the miserable dramas Celeste has figured in? For the good name of Boston, we hope so. H.

SCRAPS, LOOSE THOUGHTS AND NUTS TO CRACK.

The new-unfledged *H*-editor of the Boston Galaxy, in a strain most patriotick, and withal quite democratic, attempts to lash us in a most unbearable manner, for what we are not guilty of, or if so we cannot find the 'quoted' article in question. We advise him to get his chair new stuffed, and for the present to take light suppers. Brother Weld, did you take away those old gilt specs of yours? if so, pray return them, for friend *H.* will surely need them occasionally.—*Sunday Morn. News.*

Unfledged! Ay, that's it exactly! Do brother News, whose quills are almost full-grown, allow us to hop a little, for when our feathers have sprouted, there will be so many snarling fellows to clip them, that verily we shall have but little chance to fly. So we mean to make the best of our time.—How is it?—hadn't we better?

Was not the 'quoted' paragraph yours? Upon our soul, we beg pardon,—we haven't your file to decide the point; but readily take your word for it.—Pass what we have said then over to the Herald,—one of you must father it.

If we get our leathern chair new stuffed, we shall send to New York for hair—at least if its virtue will make our articles as *crispy* as yours: and as for the *light* supper, if you will ever visit us, Mr Barr our caterer, a glorious one too, by the by, will give us some of the real brand that will make it prove a light supper indeed.—So great a flood of radiance will we pour around you, that you shall see double. Will you come?

Friend Weld took his specs away—seeing, no doubt, that John Pierce had furnished us with a pair of steel ones of undoubted calibre. They are ready to look into you, brother News, at all times.—And if you offend us—we are down upon you!—We hate this puling, oily temerity—a running fire does execution—only pour in a broadside back again to stir us up.

WHAT'S IN A NAME? A chap came into our office, some time ago and asked—'Is the Galaxious office kept here?' Later, another enquired for the 'Galasky'—and to cap the climax, an old woman a day or two since wanted to know, 'If the Galaxy office was printed here?'

An Album is a book wherein pretty young men make fools of themselves, and a fool of the girl that owns it.

'Have you got a watch—if you have what time is it?' asked a man of an old gentleman at our elbow in the street last week. 'No,' was the answer; 'I wouldn't be guilty of wearing one.' 'Why?' 'Because I wouldn't subject myself to the pain of answering impertinent fellows like yourself.'

BUILDERS LOOK OUT! As two gentlemen of this city were walking up Broadway, South Boston, a short time ago, a woman ran out from a new block of houses, nearly opposite B. street, and exclaimed that the house was on fire. The gentlemen went in, and after cutting away the ceiling over the oven with an axe found that some *pine wood in immediate contact with the sides of the oven was in flames!* A few moments more and the block would have been lost. If a builder sold us a house built in so rascally a manner, he would escape with the skin of his teeth.

The Boston ladies make us angry sometimes, for they wont let us exercise the little politeness we can boast of.—We always strive to take the outside of the sidewalk in Washington street, and often have we been obliged to square up, and have a pitched battle, before either politeness won or lost. Yankees, on the whole, haven't any too many of the graces—do ladies let them keep what they have.

Mr Jenks, of the Nantucket Inquirer, says, that in the House of Representatives 'Day unto day uttereth speech—but night unto night showeth *not* forth knowledge.'

We stepped, an evening or two ago, into the room occupied by the 'Young Men's Mercantile Library Association.' We cannot too much admire the arrangements of the members of this society to obtain instruction for themselves. They have a fine library and reading room open every evening. The Association numbers at present, we believe, two hundred and fifty members. We shall respect every young man who joins it. Numbers are flocking to the standard.—Young reader, 'go thou and do likewise.'

The Portland Advertiser is right—we plead guilty—the removal of an office, and the hurry consequent, is enough to atone for more than '*fourteen gross blunders*.' Has the Advertiser office been moved since the publication of the letters was commenced?

VERY POETICAL. A caricature of humanity, yclped a dandy, passing down Court street a few evenings since, with his *doxy* on his arm in '*courting fondness*,' on passing the new Court House, exclaimed—'See, the mechanics have got one of those ponderous pillars up.' 'So they have,' said the lady; 'and only see the ropes and the pullies and the tacklings how *nautically poetical they be*.'

'OUR OPINION.' The editor of one of our country exchange papers pronounces his judgment on the lately discovered poetical production, attributed to Lord Byron, after this wise—'We don't believe Lord Byron ever read such stuff—much less, *write* it.'

THE NEW YORK HERALD. If we are not to have more than one or two of this paper a week, we don't *swop!* There neighbor, smoke that, will you?

A HAPPY EDITOR. A western editor a short time since, sent his paper to a cotemporary, endorsed, after the most approved 'tickle me' fashion, 'with 'I shall be extremely happy to have you give the paper some sort of notice.'—To which the other very promptly responds, 'Well, sir—your paper is the poorest sheet, and you are the most contemptible editor in Alabama. There—are you "extremely happy" now?' We have received lately several papers endorsed in similar fashion, which we have passed over in silence, though they were loud in praise of the Galaxy, and they merit a return similar to the above. Other papers more susceptible to flattery, among which we could name two in New York, have repaid in puffing with interest.

☞ We will lay a wager that a 'presentation copy' of the 'Token' was not sent to the Courier; for the Editor says, he has '*seen* a copy' and read 'only one article,' which he pronounces 'pretty good' and publishes. That article is by the Editor of the 'Token.' H.

ANSON HERRICK. This man is the ostensible editor of the Bangor Commercial Advertiser. He may be the bona fide editor, and we should really like to know the fact, as it would mortify us to be tilting against a man of straw. With the dignity of Junior-Editor of the Galaxy, which we have taken from the shoulders of our predecessor, we have also become responsible for all debts and credits in the editorial books, and therefore have taken up the cudgels against this Anson Herrick. The combat grew out of a simple notice of the Eastern Magazine, which wonderfully nettled said Anson. We wish we had had the management of the criticism, as we should have come down point blank on *an article published in the Magazine as original, which we find was sent as a candidate for our prize!* It is of no great importance, as it is unworthy of the pages of the Galaxy, yet propriety is worth while—*certainly in a lady!*. There's for the Donna, Anson, that you have offered yourself a sacrifice for and bled for so freely! By the by, isn't it a mistake in you to write your name Anson—wasn't you christened *Anser*, hey?—You *cackle* as if you plead guilty to it.

N. B. Mr Herrick says he has been villified in sundry ways by sundry individuals, and feels horribly, and is going to publish an extra. H,

'The Boston Gazette states, that for the last two years, the steamboat companies between New York and Providence, have divided 45 per cent annually.'

The above is from the Essex Register. Really the Editors of the Gazette are getting to be *great* authority in steamboat matters since they recommended the 'staunch steamboat SANDUSKY' to Eastern travellers. Had they said the steamboats PROVIDENCE and BOSTON, they would have hit it, or very nearly; but the stockholders of the vaunted 'Bunker Line' who own the PRESIDENT and FRANKLIN are sorry to own that they never saw but about 5 per cent, and that their stock sells for about 50 or 60 per cent on the cost.

A GENERAL BANK LAW. A petition 'for a general *Bank Law* to take effect when the law erecting the present Bank of the United States shall have expired by its own limitation,' is now circulating far and wide among the people of New-England, though purporting, on the face of it, to be the petition of the 'Undersigned, inhabitants of Boston, State of Massachusetts.'—We have read it with care, and think very highly of the plan. As at present advised, we believe it well calculated to unite the leading men of all parties, whether statesmen, patriots, merchants, or brokers, whigs or tories, Jackson or anti-Jackson—orthodox or heterodox; in a word, to furnish what we must have, a plentiful and safe currency; and to protect us from all the dangers, real or imaginary, supposed to be the natural attendant of the United States Bank. Let all who are of a like opinion shout away—O yes! O yes! O yes!—God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts! N.

☞ The Legislature has been engaged during a portion of this week in fixing the provisions respecting jail limits. Attempts have been made by some members, to narrow them as they used formerly to be; but they are finally established as follows. To be co-extensive with the several counties. Norfolk to include the bridge over the river between Weymouth and Hingham, Hingham and Quincy Turnpike, and the roads from said bridge to Cohasset.—Suffolk and Middlesex to extend to the common jurisdiction of said counties.

The License Law has passed without amendment, in the House. The Sections passed to a third reading, on swearing, gambling, &c are very properly severe.

The venerable Jacob Kuhn is no more! Fifty-three years was he a tried and faithful servant! Proper notice has been taken of his death, by the Legislative body; but the family preferred a private burial, and only a committee of the Court attended. H.

PUBLIC REPAIRS. Moderation seems to be the order of the day upon the South Boston Bridge. Some months have already been consumed in repairing this thoroughfare, and for aught we can see, as many more will be demanded.—This should not be. A calculation should be made when public repairs are to be needed, the lumber should be in readiness, the hands engaged, and presto! the work should be done. Thus—an immense inconvenience and loss of time and labor might be avoided. Or to specify; the circuitous route from South Boston through Essex street, to the southern section of the city, is, to loaded teams and travellers in a hurry, a matter of no small consequence. We do not wonder that people are vexed.

We hope that the most judicious internal arrangement will be adopted for the new school-house in the southern section of the city. What can be better than the seats and forms of the Franklin school. The guardians of our public schools, cannot be too careful of the convenience and health of the pupils of the institutions under their charge.

The villanous practice of smoking in the streets, and especially upon the Sabbath, seems of late to be gaining ground. Let our city authorities proclaim with unflinching determination to this custom—'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.' It is bad enough to see a bevy of smokers blockading the side-walk about the front doors of a hotel; *almost*, if not quite, infringing a law, under pretention of being at home.

Riding along the other day, we suddenly encountered a blockade of trucks, baker-carts, etc. After having waited with Job at our elbow, some three or four minutes, we politely requested the truck-driver to allow us passage—he sulkily gee'd his leader a foot or two, and we tried to pass, and in the act our wheel grazed his horse, at which he fell into a foaming passion, started his team suddenly, and wedged our frail gig into a most unpleasant

NEWS OF THE WEEK.
FOREIGN.

FROM ENGLAND. The packet ship Napoleon, at New York, in the short passage of 26 days from Liverpool, brings intelligence to the 24th.

The Corporation Reform Bill had been gone through in committee in the House of Lords, after undergoing some amendments. Lord Melbourne had remarked that it was not his intention to offer any opposition to these amendments, for, seeing how their Lordships house was inclined, such opposition would be altogether useless; it was indeed with him a matter of serious consideration whether he ought to go on with the bill or not, now that it was so mutilated by the amendments.

The government of the Queen of Spain seems to command but little respect in any quarter of the country, and scenes of the most frightful anarchy and excess are going on in all the provinces. It is said that the Queen has solicited direct and immediate interference from France and England. Madrid is not disturbed, but it is impossible to say how long the appearance of tranquillity will continue. At Mataro, and on different points, new popular movements have taken place, to the cries of Death to the monks! Death to the nobles! Death to the rich! Liberty forever! At Tarragona the lieutenant and major of the place were strangled. Valentia has been the theatre of deplorable excesses. At Barcelona the proclamations became more numerous. They call the inhabitants to arms to exterminate the Carlists and sustain the popular movement.

Lord Lyndhurst is now the avowed leader of the House of Lords. At a late caucus at the Duke of Wellington's, he was, it is said, regularly installed as such.

Galignani's Messenger gives the following description of the Infernal Machine, invented for the destruction of the French Royal family.

The Infernal Machine is very solid, but simple in its construction. It is mounted upon a frame, supported by four uprights, of sound oak. The 25 gun barrels are supported by the breaches on a cross bar at the back, which is placed between seven and eight inches higher than the cross bar at the front, on which the muzzles rest, thus forming a certain degree of inclination. The ends of the barrels in front are placed in grooves, to prevent them changing their position. These grooves are so formed that some of the barrels are more elevated than others, so that they might cover a range of about 25 feet by 10 feet. The barrels were kept firm in their position by a board and stout bar of iron, screwed down to the cross bar of wood at the back, and were all laid with their touch-holes upwards and in the same line, so that they might be fired by one train of gunpowder. In the middle of the front cross bar is a screw, by means of which that part of the frame may be raised or lowered, so as to give a higher or lower range to the fire. The whole of the machine is about 3 1-2 feet in width and 4 feet in length, and was so placed that the muzzles of the barrels were a little above the bottom of the window.

A Late London paper says—Kean's monument was yesterday morning placed on its pedestal, in the vestibule of Drury Lane Theatre, on the left of the cast from Bombil's statue of Shakspeare, and to the right of the entrance from Bridges street. The character is Hamlet soliloquizing on the skull of Yorick, which he holds in his left hand, the right exquisitely executed, being raised above it, with the fingers extended. The likeness is admirable; the drapery is exceedingly easy and graceful, the cloak falling about the figure in natural folds.

DOMESTIC.

MUNICIPAL. At a meeting of the Mayor and Aldermen on Monday,

Orders passed to reduce the elevation of Somerset street; to have the lines of O street run, under the direction of the Committee on Streets, and that stakes or posts be placed at the corner of Dorchester street and the sea shore, and also at the corners of each of the intersecting streets.

Resolve passed to widen Hanover street, by taking a piece of land from the estate of Edward Page, at the corner of Blackstone and Pond streets.

The Committee on the petition of the Primary School Committee, relating to the establishment of schools for the instruction of children who may be over eight years of age and not qualified for admission to the public grammar schools, reported, that two schools be established for that purpose, in such parts of the city as said Committee may select.

The committee on Streets were instructed to report upon the expediency of widening Dyke street on the westerly side.

Petition of John G. Torry and others, to have Atkinson street widened.

Petition of Perez Gill and others, to have Ash street graded.

The Committee on the expediency of constructing an iron fence around the Common, were discharged from any further consideration of the same. Accepted, in concurrence with the Common Council.

An order passed, to discharge the officers and members attached to Engine No. 14, and that the acting Chief Engineer be directed to raise a new company for the same.

Aldermen Gurney and M'Cleary were added to the Committee of the Common Council to consider the expediency of purchasing the estate of Mrs. Susannah Jenks.

Petition of John Heard and others, to have a common sewer laid in Court street. Refered.

The committee on revising the jury box, reported the names of Jurors for Wards 4, 8, and 9. Laid on the table.

Adjourned to Monday next, 4 o'clock, P. M.

FIRE.—On Thursday morning, about a quarter before 2, a fire broke out in the rear of a three story wooden building, No. 49, Court Street, occupied by Mr. Wm. H. Vinton, as a Confectionary Store and Dwelling, which was nearly destroyed. It caught in the bake house of the establishment, and those who occupied the building, aroused by a person in the street, had barely time to escape. The fire immediately extended on each side; on the East to a large four story brick building, No. 47, the 2d, 3d and 4th stories of which were destroyed. It was occupied on the lower floor by Mr. R. E. Newman, as a crockery ware store, whose stock was insured at the Firemen's office, but sustained little damage. The 2d and 3d were occupied by the Boston Bewick Company of engravers, &c. whose loss is nearly covered by an insurance of $2000 at the Firemen's office. A building in the rear, containing a stereotype foundry, &c. belonging to the same company, was uninjured. Mr. Geo. G. Smith, engraver, who has recently become agent to the company, had that evening removed his stock into a room in the same building, where it was destroyed: he had no insurance, not being quite prepared to effect it. His loss is very considerable, including many private memoranda, the collection of years, and some valuable plates engraved for a work on Niagara Falls, by Mr Jos. W. Ingraham. Mr. Abel Bowen, Engraver, is said to have lost his valuable library and other property in this building: uninsured. The fourth story was occupied by Mr. Charles Eastham, bookbinder, whose loss is 2 or 300; no insurance. Mess. Hilliard, Gray & Co. lost about 500 dollars worth of books in process of binding.

On the West, No. 51, was a small wooden tenement occupied by Mr Albert L. Lincoln, jeweller; whose stock was removed with little damage. The buildings beyond were old, large and of wood, but the upper stories and roofs were injured. They were occupied on the lower floors by Mrs. Hardy, milliner; and Miss Newman as a toy shop; above by Mr. Thomas W. Hardy, Mrs. Peterson and Mrs. Ann Greene, the owner, who was not insured, altho' it is said for nearly 20 successive years she has had insurance. The occupants did not sustain much loss and were insured.

Mr. Vinton had $1500 insured at the Merchants Office, which is probably nearly two thirds the amount of his loss. The buildings No. 47 and 49, were owned by the heirs of the late Isaac Jackson, and were insured for 2100 at the National Office. *Daily Advertiser.*

LOST MONEY RECOVERED. The money stolen from the car of the Boston and Providence Rail Road on Friday last, amounting to $24,000, chiefly in notes of various New England Banks, was discovered on Sunday, in a drain near the Hotel in Framingham, and three persons of the four supposed to be concerned in the robbery, are taken into custody. The four men took passage on Friday night in the Southern mail stage, which leaves town at 10 o'clock for Worcester. One of them was taken up by the stage, at the Post Office, one in the street, and the two others in Brighton. Their conduct and appearance excited suspicion, and two of them were arrested at Worcester, and a third at Sturbridge. One of the men had previously got out of the stage two miles from Framingham, under pretence of having lost his pocket book, and being desirous of going back to look for it.—*Daily Advertiser.*

A VETERAN 'WHIP.' Mr A. Shumway, of Belchertown, has driven the stage between that town and Northampton, more than twentyfive successive years. He has passed over the road, on an average, twice every day, and after making proper deductions, it will be found that he has travelled 168 miles per week, 8736 a year, and 218,400 miles, during this period of time! His route at both extremities is usually before daylight in the morning, or after dark in the evening, and numberless instances have occurred when the darkness was intense, or during terrific storms—yet what is very remarkable, he has never overturned his coach, killed a horse, or met with a serious accident of any kind. When it is remembered that he has made more than 15000 trips, and conveyed at least 124,000 passengers, and has neither broken a limb nor upset his coach, surely such a man deserves well of his country.—*Northampton Courier.*

An attempt was made on Wednesday last week, to destroy the family of Dr Cole, of Williston, Vt. A large quantity of arsenic was thrown into his well, which must have proved fatal to many individuals, if it had not been providentially discovered early in the morning, as several families resort to the well for water. Dr Cole gathered nearly two ounces of arsenic from the surface of the water.—*Trav.*

AN OLD FELLOW. A gentleman has exhibited to us a toad that was found yesterday, by some workmen in digging upon the premises of Mr Henry Thaxter, imbedded in clay, six feet below the surface of the earth, where he had probably rested from time immemorial. But soon after being exposed to the sun and air, appeared full of life, and ready to be off.—*Hingham Gazette.*

An Eagle, measuring five feet from tip to tip, was shot from the vane of Mr Pierpont's Meeting House in this city about sundown, on Thursday, by Mr Benjamin Blaney. Mr B. went above the belfry, as high as he could get, and brought him down with a shot gun.—*Post.*

The Grand Jury of the County of Middlesex have found a bill against Dr J. W. Walker, of Charlestown, for an assault on Mr Isaac Cook, a member of No. 10 Engine Co. of Boston, on the 1st. inst.

The Philadelphia Inquirer remarks, it is rumored that a forgery to the extent of ten thousand dollars has been committed in that city, by an individual who was a few months since engaged in mercantile pursuits.

BALLOON ASCENSION. Mr. Lauriat made his promised ascension yesterday afternoon. The day was fine, and the company assembled at the Castle and Battery numerous. Miss Lauriat was to have accompanied her father;—They started together, but the ascending power of the balloon was not sufficient for their weight, and they were placed in imminent danger of their lives. The car rose about fifteen feet and dashed against the upper rails of the Garden, breaking them with the force, but fortunately striking in such a manner as not to injure the aeronauts.—It was caught by some of the spectators, again raised, and the ascension a second time attempted, but the balloon immediately fell towards the water, and landed on the rocks outside the battery wall, which fortunately were there in consequence of low tide. Miss Lauriat was then handed from the car—the balloon placed in a boat and towed out some distance from the shore, when Mr. Lauriat started alone, making a most beautiful ascent.

He passed over Brooklyn, Newton, Flushing, and Prince's Garden, and landed about 6 o'clock, on Long Neck, North Hempstead, on the farm of J. W. Thorne, Esq.—His greatest elevation was 9000 feet—400 feet above white clouds, which were rapidly passing under him. He was accompanied to Castle Garden last night, without accident to himself or the balloon, by a number of his friends.

Mr. Thom, the Artist, who executed the inimitable group of Statuary representing Tam O'Shanter and his merry Companions, has arrivey in Philadelphia, direct from Liverpool, and has brought with him statues in flesh coloured stone of Tam and the Landlady. One of the papers adds that he has also brought over the Statues of Old Mortality and his pony.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, William Pray Marden, formerly of Portsmouth, N. H. to Abigail, only daughter of James Spear; Charles Thwing, of New York, to Martha Ann Eayers; Nathaniel Kimball to Lucy Ann Burr; John Burrage, Esq of New Bedford, to Mary Watson; Robert Riddle to Joanna Allen; Samuel Cook Horn, formerly of Watertown, to Susan S. Tarr; James Mitchell to Mary J. Tarr; Horace Plimpton, merchant, to Mary Ann Blackburn, of Walpole; Charles Preble to Sophronia Merrill; Charles Earl, formerly of Worcester to Sarah Ann Rugg, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Samuel C. Carter of, Amherst, to Elizabeth Davidson, daughter of the late Capt Joseph Jackson.

At Cambridge, Daniel G. Stone to Emeline A. Gerry.

At Dorchester, Joseph S. Perkins to Lydia S. Leonard, of Middleboro'.

At Salem, William Johnson to Mary Ann R. While.

At Danvers, William Goodale, Jr. to Abigail C. Griffin, of Methuen.

At Gloucester, Horatio G. Sandford, of this city, to Harriet E. Harkin.

At Medfield, Walter Janes, of Bangor, to Evelina Smith.

At Plymouth, Rev Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Concord, to Lydia Jackson.

At Hatfield, Rev Levi Pratt, of Medford, to Abby D. Partridge.

At Henniker, N. H. Joseph M. Foss, of Lynn, to Abigail B. Newhall.

At New York, William E. Shepard, of the house of Holbrook, Nelson & Co. to E. A. McCready.

DEATHS.

In this city, Abigail Buckley, 94; James McCleary, a revolutionary soldier, 76; Doddridge Spear, 32; Dr Richard D. Mott, 37, late of England; Joseph F. Burns, a member of the senior class of Brown University, 18; Miss Lucy Sprague. 54; Jacob Kuhn, 72.

At Roxbury, William H. Dean, 30.

At Charlestown, Phineas Carlton, 90, formerly of Haverhill; Catharine H. wife of J. A. Cushing, and only daughter of Ebenezer Thorndike, 18.

At Lynn, Miss Sarah E. Burrill, 18.

At Salem, Stephen Wellman, about 40; Mary C. wife of Hon Nathaniel Silsbee, 56.

At Weymouth, very suddenly, Wm B. Beckley, 18.

At Lowell, very suddenly, Rev E. W. Freeman, a much respected clergyman of the Baptist denomination.

At New Bedford, Margaret Ann Parsons, of Roxbury, 18.

At Portsmouth, N. H. James Marden, 29, drowned by falling from a wharf.

At Portland, Daniel C. Collins, 67, formerly of Boston; Capt Stephen Davis, circus rider, dancing and riding-master, found dead in the street, supposed from a fit.

At Middlebury, Ohio, Col George W. Tallmadge, son of Hon Benj. Tallmadge, late of Litchfield, Con.

At Apalachicola, Samuel Cook, Jr. 25, son of Capt Samuel C. of Boston.

TO THE AFFLICTED!

DR. T. BELL has removed from his former residence to 45 South Russell Street, corner of May street, and tenders his services to the public. Having been forty years in the practice of physic both in Europe and America, he flatters himself of being able to give general satisfaction. For the last fifteen years he has adopted the vegetable medicine system—the advantages this system possesses over every other is sufficiently tested in every section of the Union. He will undertake the following disorders where there is a prospect of cure, viz: cancers, asthma, coughs of ever so long standing, scrofula, ulcers from whatever cause, &c. Also—liver complaints, diarrhoea, piles, worms, and jaundice.

N. B.—Also, a certain complaint, (in most cases without the use of mercury) People of either sex may be introduced to the Doctor without seeing each other, and at the same time may rely upon secrecy and honor.

At the same place may be had the following medicines, and no where else—Bell's Eye Water, for weak or weeping eyes, an excellent article. 2s per vial—Tooth Paste, an invaluable article for preserving the enamel of the teeth, 2s per box—also, his Bilious Pills, that cannot be surpassed, and create no griping whatever, 3s per box. 6w sept 26

THE FIRST EXHIBITION AT THE
AMERICAN GALLERY,
SUMMER STREET,

OPENED on Wednesday, June 17th, at 7 o'clock with a collection of 150 Paintings, most of which are the works of American Artists, and have not been before exhibited in this city.

Admittance 25 cents—Season Tickets 50 cents. Catalogue 12 1-2 cents. H. C. PRATT.

FUR CAPS.

THE subscriber has just received a large assortment of FUR CAPS, consisting of Sea Otter, Fur Seal, Nutria, Imitation Fur Seal, Hair Seal, and other kinds of Fur Caps. Also, Fur Seal Gloves, Collars &c
sept. 19 GEORGE W EDMANDS.

BLEACHED AND BROWN
AMERICAN COTTONS.

ELIAB STONE BREWER, No 414 Washington St. offers for sale per piece or yard, 100 cases and bales of Bleached and Brown Cottons as follows—
Cases of Bleached 9-8 Cocheco Sheetings,
do do Lawrence Superfine Shirtings,
do do Hamilton 9-8 Sheetings & Long Cloth,
do do Waltham Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Elliot do do
With a variety of low priced bleached Sheetings & Shirtings.
Bales of Brown Shirtings,
do do New Market Sheetings and Shirtings,
do do Waltham do do
with a large assortment of low priced brown Sheetings and Shirtings.
Bleached and Brown Drillings.
Also—Bales of 6-8 and 4-4 Pengrove, Methuen Company Assanpink and Sharon Tickings.
Sewing Cotton by the case or pound.
The above goods were brought before the rise of Cottons, and are offered very cheap. feb 14

STRAW CARPETINGS,
AT A REDUCED PRICE.

100 PIECES Straw Carpetings, received this day, of a superior quality, for sale at a very reduced price by ELIAB STONE BREWER,
july 25 414 Washington street.

NEW STOCK OF
BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE assortment of Boots and Shoes, carefully selected, and well adapted to the spring trade, comprising as complete an assortment as can be found in the city
Also a general assortment of Shoe Stock.
For sale on reasonable terms at No 28, North Market street by RUSSELL & BUCKNAM.
N. B. Nowell's Blacking at wholesale.
feb 14 tf

PARLEY'S ALMANAC

FOR 1836. In press, and will be published in due season by the subscriber. Retail price 25 cents. Terms to the Trade liberal, from whom orders are respectfully solicited. S. COLMAN,
Publisher for the Trade, old stand of Lilly Wait & Co.
may 2

SUMMER STOCKS.

A beautiful article of silk bristles STOCKS, for summer wear, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st.
june 6

BOAS! BOAS!! BOAS!!!

THE subscriber has just opened a large lot of FUR BOAS of different qualities, which will be sold at very reasonable prices. Those in want of this desirable article for the approaching season, will do well to call at No. 20, Hanover street, under the American House.
aug 19 istf GEORGE W. EDMANDS.

HINGHAM UMBRELLAS.

FOR SALE AT No. 61, WATER-STREET, (UP STAIRS,)
CASES 32, 30 and 28 in. extra superior English Gingham UMBRELLAS, stamped borders;
Cases 30 in. do do do do Plain;
do 30 and 28 in. Black American do do;
do 30 in. do English do do very superior,
do 30 and 32 in. Blk Silk UMBRELLAS, French style;
do 28 in. Gingham UMBRELLAS, bone stick.
Also—Double Foundation MUSLINS, constantly on hand. 3m july 11

WATCHES & JEWELRY.

THE Subscriber offers for sale, at No. 13 Court st. a fresh stock of Gold and Silver Lever, Anchor and Escapement, Lepine, and common English, French and German Watches; French and German Mantel Clocks; gold and silver Spectacles; Jewelry and Fancy Goods; at prices, at least as low as can be found in the city.

Personal and careful attention given to the repairing of the most delicate and complicated, and also the more common Watches; Clocks of every description repaired, and on application immediately attended to at any part of the city, by an experienced workman.
june 13 3m WM. H. KEITH.

FOR THE DEAF.

THE Boston and Lynn India Rubber Co. have manufactured and offer for sale, an India Rubber Elastic Ear Trumpet, of an entirely new construction, by means of which persons not entirely deaf are enabled to hear with perfect distinctness the ordinary tones of the voice in conversation.

They are perfectly portable, of an elegant finish, and have been pronounced by persons who have used them superior to anything of the kind in use.

For sale at the Co's Warehouse, No. 32, Water st.
may 16 istf

STOCK AT COST.

THE Subscriber having concluded to close his business, offers for sale his stock, with a lease of the store now occupied by him. The above presents a fine opportunity for any one wishing to commence business, the stand being first rate, and having its share of good customers. The stock will be retailed at cost, and consists of a good assortment of Wrought and Plain Shell and Horn Combs, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Engravings, &c; a few copies of the French engraving of the Declaration of Independence on hand, which will be sold low, to close them. J. FRANCIS KIMBALL,
july 25 6w 16 Hanover-st.

FEATHERS, HAIR, &C.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. have on hand a large and prime assortment of Foreign and Domestic FEATHERS; South American HAIR; first rate FEATHER BEDS; HAIR MATTRESSES; CUSHIONS, &c. &c.—which will be sold wholesale or at retail, on as reasonable terms as at any other establishment in this city. Apply at No. 18, Union street. istf may 9

TAYLOR'S SPOOL COTTON

ELIAB STONE BREWER has constantly for sale *TAYLOR'S PERSIAN SPOOL COTTON.* The very best article of sewing Cotton imported, as will be asserted by every lady that has used it.
april 25 414, *Washington-street.*

THE ORIGINAL
GOLDEN COMB.

A. S. JORDAN, No. 2, Milk-street, *alters and repairs*, Combs in the neatest manner and at the lowest prices. All work warranted. tf may 32

PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE.

OF Useful and Entertaining Information, contains a large variety of most useful and interesting matter with beautiful illustrations, by wood engravings.

No's 5 and 6, just issued, contain, among other original and selected articles, an engraving of the method of teaching the blind, with a particular account of the N. E. Institution. The work is continued monthly, at $1 per year. S. COLMAN,
General Periodical and Book Publisher.
aug 29 Nos 18 and 20, Cornhill.

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE.
PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—The unexampled success of this Juvenile Work, which has now been before the public two years, and circulates in every state of the Union, has encouraged the publisher to renewed exertions in making it all that judicious parents and teachers could reasonably expect for the amusement and instruction of youth. Whatever can be devised to improve the style and beauty of the work, and more especially to make it *useful*, shall be constantly introduced. *Juvenile Music* is introduced and will, it is believed, be to parents and teachers, one of the highest possible commendations. The pieces are supplied by Profs. Mason & Webb, of the Boston Academy of Music. To those who are desirous of examining the work, a specimen number will be furnished *gratis.*

The publisher has much pleasure in being able to give the following names of the principal Teachers, Professors and Clergymen in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Hertford and Boston, among those *who have given their signatures* to "the full approbation of the work, as well calculated under the present arrangements to be *useful* and worthy of extensive patronage."

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Published by S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. and will be supplied on the day of publication in Portland, by Colman & Chisholm; New-York, Nelson & Hall; Philadelphia, John M. Gummey; Baltimore, Richards & Sons; Washington, D C, Duff Green; Richmond, Va. Richard D. Sanxay; Buffalo, N. Y.. T. & M Butler; New Orleans, Charles H. Bancroft.

DRY GOODS,
AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE Subscriber, intending leaving this part of the country for the South, about the first of August next, offers for sale the whole of his extensive Stock of FOREIGN and DOMESTIC GOODS, and Lease of the Store No. 414 Washington street, and the Stock will be sold at very reduced prices at retail, until closed.—Among which are the following varieties viz—
Broadcloths, Cassimeres, Athenian Cassimere, Rouen Cassimere, Athenian Camlets, &c. &c.
4 bales of superior Welch, English and American Flannels. Some of them are very superior, and are warranted not to shrink in washing.
2 bales of Angola Flannel, an excellent article for summer wear.
1 bale Domet Flannel.
4 do col'd American do.
4 do col'd Domette.
3 cases of superior English Cambric Dimoties.
1 do do Furniture Dimoty.
1 do col'd Poult de Soie Silk, at 8s per yard, of an excellent quality.
Cases Irish Linens, of superior quality.
Cases of English and American Prints.
Cases and Bales of brown and bleached Cottons.
Cases of white Cambric and Cambric Muslins.
Cases of Bishop Lawns, from 20c to 3s 3d per yard.
1500 ps Nankin and Canton Straw Carpeting.
Cases of Taylor's Persian Spool Cotton, at 3s per dozen, or 3c per Spool, warranted of very superior quality. Cases of Spool Cotton, at 6d per dozen.
1 case of Open Work Cotton Hose, at 1s per pair.
Cases of 4-4 and 6-4 Bobbinet Laces, from 9d to 5s 3d per yard. 1 case Grecian do superior quality, at 2s pr yd.
1 bale Russia Damask 6-4 and 8-4. a very durable article for Table Cloths.
2 cases India and English Silk Hdkfs.
2 do col'd Table Cloths, assorted sizes.
1 do col'd bordered cotton Hdkfs. imita. L. C. at 9d each. 1 do Linen Hdkfs.
4 do American Sewing Cotton.
5 bales Russia Crash.
3 cases Linen and Cotton Tapes.
1 case English Pins.
7 bales of Tickings, assorted qualities—and a great variety of other Goods, which will be sold in proportion.
ELIAB STONE BREWER.
may 30 No. 414 Washington street.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS

DR. KING informs his friends and the public that he continues to prepare and affix to buildings, his improved Lightning Conductors; they are approved by all practical and well informed Electricians, as affording superior protection against Lightning to the old form.—Gentlemen in want of Lightning Conductors are invited to call at his rooms, No. 54 Cornhill, Boston, where they may be satisfied of the superior effects of his Rods, by illustration; where also may be had, Plate and Cylinder Electrical Machines, Galvanic Batteries and their apparatus—all warranted of the best workmanship, and superior power; prices reasonable, for cash or approved credit. july 18

PHRENOLOGY.

PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY.—A Manual of Phrenology, written in a plain and practical style, by Silas Jones, Practical Lecturer, will shortly be issued from the press of the subscriber. S. COLMAN,
may 2 Publisher for the Trade.

APPROVED
SCHOOL BOOKS.

ALGER'S MURRAY'S GRAMMAR.—Being an abridgement of Murray's English Grammar, with an Appendix; containing exercises in Orthography, in Parsing, in Syntax, and in Punctuation—designed for the younger classes of learners—by Lindley Murray. To which questions are added, punctuation, and the notes under Rules in Syntax copiously supplied from the author's large grammar, being his own abridgement entire revised, prepared, and adapted to the use of the "English Exercises"—by Israel Alger, Jr. A. M. recently a teacher in Hawkins street School, Boston.

As a cheap and compendious elementary work for general use, this is probably the best Grammar extant, and is rapidly gaining an introduction into most of the towns in New-England. Though furnished at a moderate price, it is so copious as, in most cases, to supersede the necessity of a larger work.

[Extract from the Records of the School Committee, Boston.]

At a meeting of the School Committee, held at the Mayor and Aldermen's rooms, May 5, 1824, it was—Voted, That Alger's Abridgement of Murray's Grammar, Boston stereotype edition, be introduced into the public Reading and Grammar Schools in this city.
JOHN PIERPONT, Secretary.

Alger's Murray's English Exercises—consisting of Exercises in Parsing, instances of false Orthography, violations of the rules in Syntax, defects in Punctuation, and violations of the rules respecting perspicuous and accurate writing—with which the corresponding rules, notes and observations, in Murray's Grammar are incorporated: also, References in Promiscuous Exercises to the Rules by which the errors are to be corrected. Revised, prepared and particularly adapted to the use of Schools; by Israel Alger, jr A. M.

Extract from the Preface.

It is believed that both teachers and pupils have labored under numerous and serious inconveniences in the ... tion of certain parts of these Exercises, for want of those facilities which this volume is designed to supply. Those rules in Mr Murray's Grammar which relate to the correction of each part of the Exercises in Orthography, Syntax, Punctuation and Rhetorical construction, have been introduced into this manual immediately preceding the exercises to which they relate. The pupil being thus furnished with the principles by which he is to be governed in his corrections, may pursue his task with profit and pleasure. In this edition, more than forty 18mo pages of matter have been added from Mr Murray's Grammar.

PROGRESSIVE EXERCISES IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION—by R. G. Parker, Principal of the Franklin Grammar School Boston, 6th stereotype edition. Price, neatly bound, 31 cents. Twenty thousand copies having been sold of this popular work, the Publisher has now stereotyped it; and the author desirous of rendering it more worthy of the favor it has received, has made some additions, which will supersede the necessity of using any abridged treatise of Rhetoric in connection with it.

Extract from the Preface.

Two great obstacles beset the pupil in his first attempts at composition. The first is the difficulty of obtaining ideas, (or learning to think;) the second is that of expressing them properly when obtained. In this volume the author has endeavored to afford some assistance to the pupil in overcoming these difficulties. The simplicity of the plan here proposed requires no labored explanation. The first exercise or lesson consists in giving the word, or a number of words, and instead of asking for a definition of them requiring him to use them in a sentence or idea of *his own*. From this single exercise he is led onward through a series of lessons in easy and regular procession, from the simplest principles to the most difficult practice. If on the first inspection any of the Lessons appear too difficult, the author respectfully requests the tests of trial and experience before they are condemned. They have been performed, and the *Models* of some of those apparently the most difficult, were written by the pupils in the school of which he has the charge.

☞As evidence in favour of the merit and utility of this work, the fact may be stated, that it has been republished in England, and received commendable notices from the public journals. The following Recommendation is furnished.

From Mr Walker, Principal of the Elliot School, Boston.

By such a work all the difficulties and discouragements which the pupil has to encounter in his first attempts to write, are in a great measure removed, and he is led on progressively in a methodical and philosophical manner, till he can express his ideas on any subject, which circumstances or occasion may require, not only with sufficient distinctness and accuracy, but even with elegance and propriety. An elementary treatise on composition, like the one before me, is certainly much wanted at the present day. I think this work will have an extensive circulation, and I hope the time is not distant when this branch of education, hitherto much neglected, will receive that attention which in some degree its importance demands.

☞The same author has in progress, a second part, or Sequel to the above popular work.

Teachers and others interested in education who have not examined the above, are invited to call and receive copies (gratis) for this purpose.

New editions of the above popular School Books, handsomely printed from stereotype plates, and neatly bound, just published and for sale at 77 Washington street, Joy's buildings, and by the principal booksellers in the United States.

Also, for sale as above, a general assortment of School and Classical Books. Teachers and country merchants are respectfully invited to call. eopis3m may 30

NOTICE.

REAL Estate and Intelligence Office, under No. 1, Washington street, head of Dock Square. The subscriber will devote his whole time and attention to the execution of any orders with which his friends and the public may favor him in the above business and refers to Messrs John D. & M. Williams.
JEREMIAH FOSTER.

N. B. Those who are in want of help will please leave their orders as above.

FOR SALE—A genteel three story brick dwelling house, situated on Salem place; the terms of payment will be made easy.

WANTED, to purchase or rent a small dwelling house, in a respectable neighborhood in the vicinity of Hanover street.

Also, waned, a coachman, two men to tend bar, three men in private families, and an ostler. sept 19

TOOTH ACHE.

THE EDINBURGH TOOTH ACHE PASTE is a positive remedy for the above complaint, as can be established by numerous certificates. It is perfectly harmless in its application, and frequently effects a cure in the space of five minutes. For sale by the following druggists—JOS. KIDDER, corner of Hanover and Court streets; A. GEYER, Hanover street; CHAS. HOLBROOK, Leverett street; JOS. T. BROWN, Washington street, and E. HOLDEN, Charles street, and the principle Drug stores in this city. 6m august 8

BOSTON AND LOWELL
RAIL ROAD.

ON and after Monday, 24th August, and during the remainder of the season, the Cars will
Leave Boston at 7 A. M. Leave Lowell 7 A. M.
" " 11 A. M. " " 2 P. M.
" " 5 P. M. " " 5 P. M.
No baggage can be taken except what belongs to passengers. Allowance to each, 40 lbs.
Tickets may be had at the Depot, corner of Leverett and Brighton streets. Price One Dollar each.
august 22 GEO. M. DEXTER, Agent.

NOTICE.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of ROSS & NICHOLS, is by mutual consent dissolved. The business of the late firm will be settled by J. L. ROSS, who will continue the business at the old stand. JOSEPH L. ROSS,
august 8 PEREZ NICHOLS.

FRANCISCO B. CASAS,
INSTRUCTER OF THE
SPANISH LANGUAGE,
AND OF
DRAWING.
feb7 JOY'S BUILDING, ROOM, No. 24.

BOOTS AND SHOES;
FOR CASH,
AT VERY LOW PRICES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BY
THOMAS C. WALES,
No 195 Washington Street

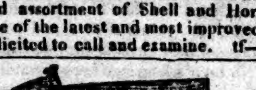
MATTRESSES, FEATHER
BEDS, TICKING, &c.

JOHN G. FLAGG & CO. No. 18, Union-street, have on hand for sale, a first rate assortment of Hair Mattresses, Feather Beds, Ticking, &c. Orders for the supply of Public Houses, &c. executed with neatness and despatch.

J. G. F. & Co. have also on hand, a large supply of Curled Hair, Foreign and Domestic Feathers, &c. which they offer for sale on the most reasonable terms.
june 27

COMBS! COMBS! COMBS!!

A. S. JORDAN, sign of the *Original Golden Comb*, No. 2, Milk street, manufactures and has for sale a well selected assortment of Shell and Horn Combs, including those of the latest and most improved patterns. Ladies are solicited to call and examine. tf—may 23



READY MADE.
CUSTOM SHOES.

JOHN KIMBALL, 2d, keeps on hand and continues to make to order, Ladies', Misses' and Children's SHOES, of the first quality, manufactured on the French Lasts. The Lasts are systematically arranged; each Last is divided into six or seven sizes of fullness, so as to fit a narrow or full foot. Ladies in the country will find it for their advantage to examine the system. Orders for shoes may be sent, with certainty of their fitting, after the size is once known.

The length and breadth of sole and height of instep are expressed in this very simple way: (A 3-4) or (B 3-4) or (C 3-4). The letter denotes the width of sole—the top figure length of sole—bottom figure, height of instep or fullness of the shoe. When there is no letter A is understood. No 198 Tremont street,
july 4 tf 6 doors from Court-st.

NEW JEWELRY
ESTABLISHMENT,

LAWRENCE WALKER'S, No. 83, Washington-street, Joy's Building—

Where may be found a great variety of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES of every description, and the latest style of FASHIONABLE JEWELRY, SILVER WARE, SPECTACLES AND FANCY GOODS.

☞The above stock is of recent selections, consequently of the newest and most fashionable patterns, and will be sold as low as can be purchased elsewhere.
april 13 is3m

CORRECTED PROOFS.

UNDER the above title, it is proposed to publish in one volume, a selection from the Miscellaneous Writings of the Subscriber, embracing such *Tales, Sketches, Essays, &c.*, as he deems most worthy of collection, revision and republication; confining the standard of comparison altogether to his own writings.

... bound in cambric, *Terms*, Cash on the delivery of the book. *Price*, to persons ordering one copy, one dollar; to those ordering more, and to the Trade, the trade deduction. It will be put to press, when orders are received to warrant the undertaking, and determine the number of the edition. H. HASTINGS WELD.

⁂ Subscriptions received by E. R. BROADERS, 127 Washington Street, at this Office, and at the Office of the BOSTON PEARL, No 19 Water Street. q sep 12

MRS. GRISWOLD'S
SUPERIOR OINTMENT.

MRS. E. GRISWOLD respectfully informs her friends and the public in general, that she continues to keep for sale a constant supply of her SUPERIOR OINTMENT, which can be had of Mr. HENRY WELSH, (whom she has appointed sole agent to sell the same,) at his Store, No. 235, Washington street, three doors south of the Marlboro' Hotel. This invaluable Ointment is prepared only by herself;—it is purely a vegetable preparation—warranted free from all poisonous ingredients; and well known to thousands who have used it, for its safety and efficacy in curing Rheumatism, Bruises, Sprains, Burns and Scalds, sore and swelled Breasts, and the various humors incident to the human system.

☞Mrs. G. returns her sincere thanks to her former customers, for their liberal patronage, and solicits a continuance of their favors; but, to prevent counterfeits, which have been imposed upon the public, all who wish to obtain the genuine article are hereby informed, that it can only be had of her at 283 Washington street, or of her agent, as above directed.
april 4 3m

DRAWING MATERIALS.

JAMES W. BURDITT, Franklin Head, No. 27 Court street, has received by the ship Canton, and other arrivals from London, a variety of articles for Drawing, and among them are the following:

Dobbs & Co's refined black lead and chalk Pencils, of various degrees of hardness and shade: Drawing Paper, from the size of 15 by 20 to 31 by 52 inches; Ivories, for miniatures; sable and camels hair Pencils: Reeves' Water Colors; Crayons; steel and brass Port Crayons; Tracing Paper; earthen Slabs and Paletts: China Saucers; black cases of Saucers; Bow Compasses and Bow Pens; steel Drawing Pens; ivory and box wood Scales; Swan Quills and large Goose Hair Pencils; India Ink Parallel Rules; London Board, &c. &c. june 6

BALANCE MANUFACTORY.

PATENT BALANCES and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the Manufactory, No. 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted. 3m may 2

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS

HOVEY & CO. Horticultural Seed Warehouse, 79 and 81 Cornhill, have just received, in the Galliot Venillia, from Rotterdam, a fine assortment of Summer Bulbs; consisting of Tuberoses, Amaryllis Formosissima, Gadiolus Natalensis, Tigridia Conchiflora, &c.
june 20

DISSOLUTION.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the firm of PARKER & COREY, is by mutual consent dissolved. H. D. PARKER is duly authorized to settle the affairs of the late firm.

H. D. PARKER would also give notice that he has associated with him FRANKLIN WHITNEY, as a partner after this date. The business will be continued under the firm of PARKER & WHITNEY. aug 1

ACCORDIONS,
WITH SEMITONES.

AMONG the lot received to-day, are a few with this desirable addition. For sale by JOSEPH L. BATES,
march 21 6 Court street near Washington st.

THE ALEXANDRIAN.

NO 27, containing the conclusion of Madame de Stael's Influence of Literature upon Society; Reflections on Suicide, by the same author; and the commencement of Mason on Self Knowledge, to be completed in the next No. Just received by SAMUEL COLMAN,
aug 29 18 & 20, Cornhill.

STOCK FRAMES,

BINDING SKINS and BUCKLES, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington st. june 6

PROSPECTUS.

WILD-FLOWERS AND SEA-SHELLS:
Being a selection from the writings, poetical and prosaic, of Natives of Lynn; embracing the whole period of its history.

EDITED BY ALONZO LEWIS AND J. R. NEWHALL.

DURING the period embracing the history of this town, there have, from time to time appeared among us, our fellow-citizens are all aware, those, of either sex, who were justly looked upon as endowed with mental qualities far above the ordinary standard—those who have shone forth as stars of the first magnitude in our little community, and who, haply, under more auspicious circumstances, would have been hailed as brighter lights to a more extended sphere;—but who have yet passed from among us, leaving a few gems only scattered in their path to the tomb, as memorials of the peculiar favor of their God;—leaving here a few flowers gathered from the dark glen or the sunny height, and there a little glittering cabinet of *sea-shells* gleaned from the romantic shores, of their own loved home.

It is the object of the Editors to gather up these fragments, and select from among them such as they esteem most worthy of preservation; adding a series of articles, original and select, from the writers of the present day. It is not their aim to gain any thing in a pecuniary point of view; they ask only remuneration for their actual expenses, deeming the pleasure of presenting the little volume to their fellow citizens, sufficient reward for all their toil. It is believed that the work will also be interesting beyond the immediate sphere of its publication, as the interests and sympathies of this town and those around her have ever been most strongly united:—together have they toiled through the darkness of bygone years, and together have they arrived upon the sunny lands of prosperity.

The work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expenses—and it is hoped that our fellow citizens will come forword with their accustomed liberality; many names will be required to meet the expenses, as the work will be executed in a style worthy of its object. It is designed that the volume shall be an 18mo of about 250 pages—delivered to subscribers at $1 per copy.

Subscriptions received by either of the Editors, at Lynn, or by H. HASTINGS WELD, Editor of the N. E. Galaxy, Boston.

Lynn, July 18, 1835.

RICH ALBUMS.

A LARGE assortment of the above article, consisting of Arabesque, embossed Rich Calf, and fancy gilt Bindering—of a by a superior style and quality, are just received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 33 Washington st. august 29

NEW BOOKS.

COLERIDGE'S POETICAL WORKS—In three volumes.

PAYNE'S ELEMENTS of Mental and Moral Science, designed to exhibit the original susceptibilities of the mind, and the rule by which the rectitude of any of its states or feelings should be judged.

For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july 18

NEW WORK.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL of the Medical Sciences for August. This day received by the Agents, of the work, MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 29

SUPERIOR STYLE
OF IRISH LINENS.

BENJ. JACOBS, No. 44, Washington street, a few doors north of State street, has received a few cases of uncommonly heavy LINENS, weighing nearly nine lbs to the piece of 25 yds—the yarn is spun by machinery from the best long staple flax, and very even wove. He flatters himself they are superior to Linens usually imported into this market.

Also—500 pieces soft dressed Linens, manufactured from hand spun yarn—1 case 11-4 extra Superfine Linen SHEETINGS.

The above Linens are put up to order and are *warranted all pure linen.* may 23

COCHRANE'S
FOREIGN Q'T'LY REVIEW.

THIS work will be added to the Republication of Blackwood and the Metropolitan Magazine, and the three furnished to subscribers for $7 per year.

The ability which has acquired for the Foreign Quarterly Review its elevated character being transferred to the new has determined us in the above selection.

Those who are subscribers to the Reprint English Quarterlies may now become subscribers to the abovenamed works without thus obtaining duplicates of any. S. COLMAN, Pub. Blackwood &c. for N. E.
june 20

JOHNSON'S MEDICO CHIRURGICAL REVIEW,

AND Journal of Practical Medicine—No 60, of this valuable Journal, just received by SAMUEL COLMAN, 18 and 20, Cornhill. aug 29

MOROCCO WORK.

... (Joy's building, ... Washington st. ...) Goods to be found in the city—among the variety are some very splendid Port Folios, with and without locks. Also, Writing Cases, Bankers' Cases, Trunk Books, &c.
april 4

REMOVAL.

A. B. GALUCIA, Painter, has removed from his former stand, corner of Water and Bath street, to the rear of 251 Washington street, where he will continue all kinds of HOUSE and SIGN PAINTING and GLAZING. All orders thankfully received and punctually attended to. 1mis august 22

SHEPARD, OLIVER & CO.
TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS.
No. 3, Water st, (2 doors from Washington st.) Boston.

KEEP for sale all kinds of Book and Newspaper Type, both new and second hand.

Stereotyping of all kinds executed with accuracy and despatch on the most reasonable terms. april 4

☞A large discount made for cash.

PRINTED MUSLINS AND

JACONETS, RICH PRINTS AND GINGHAMS, LINENS, SILKS and SHAWLS, a full assortment now open and for sale at low prices by E. F. NEWHALL, No. 179 Washington street. may 16.

THE CRUISE
OF THE MIDGE.

BY the author of 'Tom Cringle's Log' &c. New series. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. august 22

COPLAND'S
MEDICAL DICTIONARY.

PART III, is announced in Bent's London Advertiser to be issued in the month of April, and will probably arrive in this country in season to be ready for subscribers and others in July next. S. COLMAN, successor to Lilly, Wait & Co. june 20

B. F. FOSTER,

TEACHER of Penmanship and Book Keeping, 116, Washington street. Classes, morning, afternoon and evening. july 11

FANCY PRINTING,

CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS, BLANKS, STORE AND SHOW BILLS,
PROMPTLY EXECUTED
IN THE NEATEST STYLE AT THE
GALAXY OFFICE.

REAL MADRAS CRAVATS.

A FEW pieces of Real Madras Cravats, for sale at KIMBALL'S, 12, Washington street. june 6

GOSLING'S PATENT FRENCH CHEMICAL
BLACKING.

THE undersigned have the pleasure to announce to the inhabitants of Boston and its environs, that they have arrived in this city, to receive orders at whole sale for this excellent article. The various compositions now in use for polishing Boots and Shoes, have long been complained of as causing the leather to crack and become reddish. The undersigned have, however, been so fortunate, as to discover a process that will supercede those rather expensive compositions, to wit—a kind of Paste, which not only possesses the virtue of preserving the leather, and of giving it the most brilliant black, but requires only one fourth of the common labor; it will not soil the whitest linen—renders the leather water proof, is warranted to retain its virtue in any climate, and to increase in beauty by age; its peculiar fragrance will easily distinguish it from spurious compositions. We have in our possession upwards of 10,000 Certificates, some from the first nobility in France, as well as from the republicans in the United States, and from many of the most eminent professors of Chemistry. To introduce this article to the public, Messrs. G. & Co. will supply this celebrated article at the same price as the common Blacking now in use. To prevent counterfeit, each box is marked with the signature of
L. GOSLING & CO.

All orders left at the Eastern Stage House, No. 84 Ann street, will be punctually attended to.

☞Reward of $1000 is offered by Messrs. G. & Co. to any person who will produce an article of better quality. july 25

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE

THE Subscribers have formed a connection for the transaction of a General Commission Business, under the firm of BRUCE & RICHARDS, at 33 and 34, Commercial wharf.
Refer to Messrs.
Rob't G. Shaw & Co. and
Edw. & Wm. B. Reynolds.
BENJ. BRUCE,
july 4 JOSEPH L. RICHARDS.

MISCELLANY.

[From the Token for 1836.]

THE BRIDE.

BY MRS SIGOURNEY.

I came, but she was gone.
There by her lute,
Just as she touched it last, at the soft hour
Of summer twilight, when the woodbine cups
Filling with deeper fragrance, fondly poured
Thro' the raised casement, uttering tender thanks
To her who train'd them. On her favorite seat
Still by her work-box open, and the book
That last she read, and careless near its page
A note, whose cover her slight pen had traced
With lines unconscious, while her lover spake
That dialect, which brings forgetfulness
Of all beside. It was the pleasant home,
Where from her childhood she had been the star
Of hope and joy.

I came, and she was gone.
But this I knew, for I remembered well
Her parting look, when from the altar led,
With silvery veil, but slightly swept aside,
How the young rose-leaf deepened on her cheek,
And on her brow a solemn beauty sat,
Like one who gives a priceless gift away.
And there was silence. Mid that stranger throng,
Even strangers, and the hard of heart, did draw
Their breath suppress'd, to see the mother's lip
Turn ghastly pale, and the tall stately sire
Bow with a secret sorrow, as he gave
His darling to an untried guardianship,
And to a far off clime. Perchance his thought
Traversed the moss-grown prairies, and the shores
Of the cold lakes—or those o'erhanging cliffs
And mighty mountain tops, that rose to bar
Her log rear'd mansion from the anxious eye
Of kindred and of friend.

Even triflers felt
How strong and beautiful is woman's love,—
That taking in its hand the joys of home,—
The tenderest melodies of tuneful years,—
Yea, and its own life also, lays them all
Meek and unblenching on a mortal's breast,
Reserving nought, save that unspoken hope
Which hath its root in God.

Mock not with mirth
A scene like this,—ye laughter-loving ones,—
Hence with the hackney'd jest.—The dancer's heel—
What doth it here?

Joy, serious and sublime,—
Such as doth nerve the energies of prayer,
Should swell the bosom, when a maiden's hand
Fresh from its young flower-gathering, girdeth on
That harness which the minister of death
Alone unlooseth,—and whose power doth aid
Or mar the journey of the soul to Heaven.

A City Sabbath. What a contrast to the tumultuous hurry and bustling desperation which but a few hours since prevailed is presented by the quiet dawning of Sunday in the city! The first sounds which strike the ear of the drowsy cit, who always makes preparation for a long morning in bed on that day, are the lonely tread of the milkman on the empty side-walk, and the monotonous brushings of the servant girl on the hall stairs or at the front steps—sounds which on any other day would have been utterly inaudible. As the morning advances, more frequent echoes of footsteps upon the pavement arise from the street or court below. Those from whom they proceed, are either encased in new boots or rejoicing in the comparative desolation of the scene, plant their pedals upon the ground with an energy that gathers fresh strength from the resounding hollowness. Occasionally a hoof is heard upon the almost deserted highway, the signal of some passing physician, or equestrian invalid, started forth by necessity as the advanced guard of the great multitude already preparing for exhibition. Anon, the clocks from numberless steeples commence tolling the hour of nine—the hands of the sextons are on the bell-ropes, and soon the air is filled with brazen tones of every variety, warning the church-goers to their preliminary toilets.

Who that hears this general peal, composed of the most jangling movements, and of horrisonous discord assuming new terrors at every blow and vibration—does not bethink himself of the doctrinal jargon and sectarian disagreements which these noisy ministers so aptly typify! Here swings the solemn and soothing tongue of the English church—comfortably reposing in the consciousness of its infallibility—as established by British law; there clangs and clatters the clapper of presbyterian orthodoxy—clamorous for proselytes, and rigorous in the discipline of disciples. Here rings the Catholic alarum—a dogma at every pull, and a malediction at every thump. And there dingle and dangle Unitarians, Methodists, Universalists, Baptists—each playing his own tune—and These bells are a picture of society—a sermon *ad captandum*.

At ten, after an interval of smothered bustle, like the suppressed retchings of the volcano—the bells are again let loose, and out pours the populace upon every square, street lane, alley, court, and 'place'—their habiliments worth one hundred per cent above their yesterday's attire—and their clean faces turned hither and yon, as the case may be—some bent on the worship of God; many on that of 'the Adversary'—or what is the same thing, the business of parcelling out portions of perdition to those who are not of our side. Then succeeds another brief hour of peace. Then an outporing from the various temples; and for the space of half an hour the streets are alive with gayety and smiles, as though every man and every woman were conscious of having made another step towards heaven; and that those who must surely go the other way, 'are them t'other fellows, not us!' This stage of the matter constitutes the climax, the maximum of a city Sabbath. The residue of the day falls off in like proportion as the morning advanced—and at length silence resumes its reign, and night covers up as with a pall of death and oblivion, all the controversies and mutual disaffections which are engendered by a difference of opinion—subsisting only one day in seven.—*Nantucket Inquirer*.

[From the Portland Advertiser.]

BROOKS'S LETTERS.

NO. VIII.

BROUGHAM, HUME, AND O'CONNELL.

London, July, 1835.

I must anticipate the order of things a little to give you an account of a great meeting in London, at the Crown and Anchor,—a Public Meeting to obtain the repeal of the Stamp Duties upon newspapers—over which Lord Brougham presided, and where many of the British Lions made a figure. A prodigious multitude rushed into a Hall not so large as Faneuil Hall, full an hour before the time. When Lord Brougham came in to take the chair, loud and boisterous enough was the cheering, and hundreds of hats were flourishing in the air. I knew him by his nose. There is no missing that figure, if any one has ever seen an English carricature,—but really I never fancied him to be that sort of an exquisite looking man, thus decked out in the fashion, so sleek, and so well trimmed. The applause there was no quieting.—The more he put forth his well-gloved fingers, as if to hush the storm the louder it was, and the higher went up the caps. At last 'my Lord,' as all the subsequent speakers called him, obtained a hearing—and admirably well timed were a few remarks, so cool and so fluent, and so graceful that they were just unlike what I should have fancied Lord Brougham would say. He does not resemble any of our public men in his manner of speaking. This day he had the fluency of Grundy with the dignity of Webster,—but little action, and no extraordinary enthusiasm. He evidently did not put forth half his power, and I must see him again to know what he is.—Brougham (it is said, he would now give any thing if he could doff his title of Lord)—is acting a strange part in English politics at present. He evidently is falling back upon the Radicals. Two pamphlets supposed to be his, have lately attacked the nobility with a fierceness that but few pens other than his, can command—and the consequence is, that many of the nobility have thrust him from their society, as if it was their *society* and *manners* that he attacked. The English women in particular have taken him in hand,—and he, as you see, I think in revenge, is threatening to keep them out of the House of Lords. Alas for him in such a warfare! Upon this, however, he is turning Radical. The Radicals are retaking him up. The Whig ministry is disturbing him; and he by his measures, is annoying them. Another such thorn in their sides as he can be, they cannot find in all England. Such is the partial reason why the multitude showered forth upon him so much of their enthusiasm, for the multitude of England is a Radical multitude,—and if free suffrage prevailed here, both Whigs and Tories would be tumbled over-board to-morrow. As it is, I think the Whig ministry will go, for the Tories are growing stronger, and the Radicals distrust them, though no Tory ministry, unless it be by some cunning *melange* of Peel, who is not so hot-headed as the silly majority of his party, can stand a year, or even half a year.—The Radicals only want proper parliamentary leaders soon to get into power. Now they are wofully deficient in ability, the aid of O'Connell except, all whose efforts, however, are palsied by the fact that he is an Irish Catholic.

Hume was among the speakers to day. This Mr Hume is well known on our side of the water as a cutter down of lavish expenditures here. He had much to say of America and American newspapers in connection with his subject of the repeal of the stamp tax. He unfolded the immense sheet of the New York Courier and Enquirer, which the members of Parliament for some days have been hunting about as a monster—curiosity—and this he displayed as a specimen of what an untaxed press has done for America. When he said the price was but three half pence, as he unfolded the colyumns, as he called them (you see these Englishmen always speak perfect English) the multitude who gave nearly five times as much for smaller papers (their price is 14 cents) absolutely roared with surprise. 'Hear,' 'hear,' 'hear' a thousand voices were screaming,—and the very roof of the house seemed to shake. 'Hear' 'hear,' 'hear' was all I could hear for many seconds. And as Hume went on to speak well of America, and of the progress of her institutions, the applause gathered again,—and when he called them his COUNTRYMEN, it burst forth in peals of thunder. I never saw a more spontaneous tribute from a great multitude than was given to us at that moment. I was near the speaker,—and I could have given him my hand and my heart,—the tears gushed in my eyes, for if there is any thing sweet to a stranger in a strange land, it is such a tribute to one's own home on such an occasion thus responded to. Oh how unlike the sneers and contempt an American must even now witness in some quarters of England from other classes of men, who believe us from misrepresentations of Tory travellers, to be but little better than brutes. I did indeed in proper time take an opportunity to tell Mr Hume, that if all Englishmen were like him, we should in truth be countrymen,—with one heart and a kindred feeling. America is now alluded to here at all times, and on almost all occasions.

The machinery of our government intensely interests all Britons,—and yet strange to say, the best informed among them are wofully ignorant of almost every thing appertaining to us. New York is about the only State they have heard of as yet. Their geography runs no further than the place where the packet ships come from. Of our public men, almost the only one whom they have heard of is Webster, and his speeches they have never read,—but they have caught his name from the Edinburgh Review. Major Downing and Niagara are the only tory conceptions of America. Mississippi, they say, is a large river,—and when I tell them I came from Maine, they exclaim 'how such a river must look!' The only Maine they have ever dreamed of, is the Main of the continent, notwithstanding they have three great territories on its boundaries. Why, I have had well informed men in other matters look upon me with surprise when I told them I was an American, because I had eyes and ears like theirs; and their surprise was redoubled when they found I spoke Engish as they did, while they watched me narrowly all the time to catch some such phrase as 'nation fine,' or 'tarnal slick;' and when I spoke of a Mississippi snag, they thought they had me, and roared outright. No man's language here is watched more than an American's. So much have English travellers drawn attention to this matter, that a man after watching me long, could only remark that I differed from him in saying *hapenny* instead of *happenny*! A monstrous difference to be sure. My countryman Willis, who is really a gentleman, and a man of taste as well as a man of talents, passes for a wonder in the circles here, for he speaks English as all well-educated Americans do, and is neither a Bear nor a man 'to lick his weight in wild cats,' as the Trollopes and Hamiltons have made many silly people believe we all are.

But—I have been wandering. There is no other way, however; in rambling letter-writing than that of tumbling your thoughts in wherever you can get a chance. I hate to write on stilts. But—to return, however, to the 'Crown and Anchor.' Among the orators of the meeting was a Mr Fox, a Unitarian clergyman, who began in a most unpromising manner, but ended most brilliantly,—talking politics with a freedom that would ruin an American clergyman, as we tie them up, (unwisely enough I think too) to theology only, thereby making them know much of women and children, and christenings, and burials, but little of the world they have to reform. This Mr Fox spoke in a species of theatrical chant, now up and then down, but he is just the man for the multitude, and they cried out 'hear' 'hear' 'hear' at every turn of his thick-thoughted periods, and now and then gave him rounds of applause. The Duke of Wellington he lashed unmercifully, and the audience bore him out. Then we had some members of Parliament,—a Mr Wakely, whose gun though somewhat notorious here, would not be considered of mighty calibre with us;—then Mr Grote, a member from London, or *Lonnon*, as 'My Lord' Brougham calls it,*—(you see what correct speakers even English scholars are!)—but Mr Grote would stand in our third or fourth congressional tier. And then Col. De Lacy Evans, who is going as commander of the British recruits, to fight Don Carlos—then Dr Bowring a leading radical, who talked sensibly enough, but with a most nonsensical rant of manner, screaming louder than Chilton of Kentucky can, and not half so fluent.

O'Connell, however, brought up the rear. A queer man he is, with a funny social face, alive with frolic,—ready at any weapon too, or *wepon* as he calls it,—whether it be the keen piercing shaft of wit, the healthiest and most tasteful declamation, or the most outrageous and profuse abuse, or the heavy laden blot of wrathful sarcasm. A specimen of all this varied eloquence he gave us now. Fifty years ago, such words as he used would have cost him his head. He was the only orator who made me forget by the freedom of his sentiments, that he was a British orator; for he alone advanced opinions as liberal as an American orator would advocate—dodging narrowly around the throne itself, denouncing all that we consider abuses, advocating free suffrage, and pouncing upon the very principal of hereditary legislation—save, however, that great lottery, as he called it, the Kingship, which he expects to keep hereditary without an hereditary prop! I do not care so much said he, that a Lord should *beget* a Lord, but I do care that a Judge should *beget* a Judge, the wig, the robe, the ermine, and —— the all. What should you think, he continued, of a tailor, who because *he* was a tailor, should undertake to beget a tailor too—and yet how much easier is it to beget the hereditary makers of our coats than the hereditary makers and judges of our laws?' The loud response of the audience warmly approved the sentiment.

When O'Connell first came into the meeting he was most boisterously cheered. When he arose to speak, the noise was yet greater. The multitude tried to make him mount a chair so that he could be seen far and wide, but he held on to the floor, exclaiming that he liked that best, and had no inclination to mount above the People, whereupon there was another roar, as a matter of course.—O'Connell in person is very large,—almost as large as Mr Lewis, M. C. from Alabama, but not so tall.—He has a thick full face, and a laughing eye. His appearance is quite coarse. His handkerchief hung about his neck in a most slovenly manner, and all his garments seemed to have tumbled upon him. No man better understands that most difficult of all undertakings, the art of harranguing masses of men. When argument became heavy, he fell upon amusement. When Eloquence beautiful and grand, had been heard and felt, he made his audience feel more the force of his contrast by something of coarseness and perhaps vulgarity. Sarcasm was tempered by wit, and wit was pointed with sarcasm. O'Connell is undoubtedly now as an orator (only) the greatest in Great Britain. None of our distinguished speakers resemble him. Grundy has more wit, but no such eloquence and chaste declamation. Forsyth has more bitterness but no such power. Clay has a far richer and sweeter tone of voice, and a much more natural manner, which in general would produce more effect,—but he has no such command of language,—nothing like O'Connell's fluency. Webster has more dignity and power, and would elevate the sentiment of an audience much higher, but he cannot tickle the ears of the people as O'Connell can. He cannot thus play upon the passions. Preston unites many of O'Connell's gifts,—but Preston loves metaphors more, and uses them not in so natural a way, and therefore, by overstraining, loses O'Connell's power. O'Connell hits the exact nail upon the head, and fits his wares to his market. An Irish Barrister in Dublin told me that he had seen O'Connell go from the Inns of the Court, where he had been displaying in beautiful language the highest power of intellect to a public political meeting, and there harangue an Irish mob in the most blackguard slang. He evidently has great knowledge of all the springs that move men.—Nevertheless, he can never inspire confidence. His face, his AIR is not an honest one. If he says fine things, one can't help feeling as if he were to see a blackguard reading a homily in a pulpit. Brougham now, is just the reverse in the impression he leaves. By the way O'Connell has a curious seal, befitting his life, that of a ship on a rough sea. Under a strong wind—the helmsman crying out 'luff' 'luff.' Immense service he has done to Ireland, by awakening the attention of the English people to this most unhappy nation—and in the turn parties in England must take by and by, I shall not be at all surprised in hearing that he is 'a Peer of the realm.'

An American for the first time witnessing a British popular assembly, has one ever present thought with him, and that is, how far behind us this great people are, in the simplest political truths! Here, in 1835, there is a dispute about taking off a tax of 200 per cent, upon the vehicles of all political intelligence! for the tax is 200 per cent.; a newspaper worth four cents paying eight cents for stamps! Here, there is a necessity for arguing against hereditary legislation! Here, a fear of speaking of the sovereign as the servant of the people! Here, hardly an acknowledgement that all Government is instituted for the people's benefit, and that they have a right to alter or modify it at their pleasure! The orators too, address the people as if they were wild beasts, fierce and mad, who need caging—Brougham cautioning them not 'to agitate too much,' O'Connell giving them just such a length of rein and forbidding them to go farther, others promising them good *leaders*, &c! The tone and manner of addresses are in such a different strain, that the contrast forces attention—and yet this was one of the most liberal assemblies ever met in England. Nevertheless, I dont believe our form of government would fit this European market, even some years hence,—and is there no danger of ours, if property-holders in America do not make more efforts than they are now making to educate the whole People—by the whole—not by the half—as they are now educated? The great mass of English society is not so far behind us in education—as some dream, and as I for one dreamed before I came here, while there are many more well educated men than with us,—men of intellect—of taste, of character too, with all the virtues—who adorn and invigorate English society, and who make this little Island the mistress of the world. Alas, that I have to tell such truths. They lie—excuse me—who tell us that we are the most enlightened People on earth.

* I have heard Lord Brougham say in the House of Lords, *Lonnon*—Brummagum (Birmingham) and *me luds* for Lords—the last always.

NEW WORKS.

A NEW supply of Lawrence on the Diseases of the Eye, and Mackintosh's Principles of Pathology and Practice of Physic.

Life of Sir Walter Scott, with critical notices of his writings, by George Allen, Esq. which is commended as one of the most attractive books of its class published for a long period, is now published in Waldie's Library. Subscriptions to present volume, of which seven numbers are published, $2.50.

Parley's Almanac, for 1836, is now ready for delivery to the Trade and others. This work is designed to be continued, from year to year, and to be a pleasing manual to all ages. It contains nearly 100 pages of useful and amusing matter, with neat illustrations by wood engravings, and should be preserved as of permanent value. The Publisher has already received many flattering notices of its design and contents. S. COLMAN, 20, Cornhill.

sept 12

INDEX RERUM.

INDEX on Subjects intended as a Manual to aid the Student and the Professional Man, in preparing himself for usefulness, with an introduction illustrating its utility and method of use. By Rev John Todd. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. 2w sept 12

MR. PADDON,

210, *WASHINGTON STREET*.

sept 12 tf

DACRE.

A NOVEL. Edited by the Countess of Morley.—For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 8

RECORD OF A SCHOOL,

EXEMPLIFYING the general principles of Spiritual Culture. For sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street. july18

FRESH GOODS.

DENNIS & GRAFTON have taken a Store in the New Block, No. 41 Hanover street, where they have for sale a rich assortment of fresh and desirable Goods—among which are the following, viz.

Rich black Gro de Swiss Silks; do do Gro de Berlin do; do Gro de Nap do; do col'd Gro de Nap do; col'd Poult de Soie, (rich colors.)

Merino Shawls—an assortment of 6-4, 7-4, and 8-4 Shawls; also, a rich style of Broganza Shawls; English and French Prints, new and very elegant patterns; also, a prime assortment of Bishops' Lawn; Cambrics; Cambric Muslins; Sacharilla Cambrics; Mull Muslins; Long Lawns; Linens; Linen Damask; Patch; Tickings; Flannels; Robes; Linen Cambric Hdkfs, &c; also an assortment of Hosiery and Gloves, Domestic Goods, &c.

Just opened, 1 case English Merinos, of the French finish, very desirable colors, among which are brown claret, mulberry, purple, and adelaide; also a few pieces of rich pearl colors, very delicate shades and superior fabric—all of which will be sold at unusual low prices for cash. august 22

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

THE Subscriber having dissolved partnership with Mr. Hills, Ladies' Shoe Maker, School street, begs leave to acquaint the Ladies of Boston and its vicinity, that he has again commenced business at No. 21 School street, a few doors above his former shop, where he respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and former customers. ROBERT KNITT.

july 11

NEW BOOKS.

THOUGHTS ON QUARANTINE AND OTHER SANITARY SYSTEMS. Being an Essay which received the Prize of the Boylston Medical Committee of Harvard University, in August 1834. By Charles Caldwell, M. D.

Veritas atque utilitas antiquitati preponendæ est.

CROCKETT'S LIFE OF MARTIN VAN BUREN.

The Life of Edmund Kean.

Francesca Carrara. By L. E. L. author of Romance and Reality.

Miss H. F. Gould's Poems—New Edition.

The American Anti-Slavery Almanac, for 1836.

Received and for sale by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133, Washington street. august 1

BENJAMIN WILLIS,

DRAPER AND TAILOR,

No. 2, Tudor's Buildings, Court Square, two doors from Court-street, Boston,

MOST respectfully informs the public, that he has taken the Shop lately occupied by Andre & Lovell, where he intends to carry on the TAILORING BUSINESS in its various branches, and solicits a share of the public patronage.

B. W. has on hand a good assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING, which will be sold as *low* as can be purchased elsewhere in the city.

☞ Particular attention paid to Cutting, and workmanship, style, or fit, there will be ☞ "*No Mistake*."

august 22 6t

IMPROVEMENT ON

DENTAL SURGERY.

DR. B. T. PRESCOTT continues to perform all the necessary operations on the Teeth, both for their beauty and preservation.

Dr. P. having obtained the latest and highly approved method of inserting mineral or *incorruptible* Teeth on gold plate, so recently introduced in Paris, feels assured that he cannot fail to give a general and acknowledged satisfaction to all who may favor him with their calls.

The subscriber has obtained the assistance of a gentleman who will devote himself exclusively to filling carious teeth with gold in the neatest manner, and prevent their further decay.

N. B.—A selection of assorted Teeth Brushes kept constantly for the accommodation of his patients. Also, the Florentine Dentrifrice, a beautiful article for whitening the teeth, and yielding fragrance to the breath.

Persons requiring operations on the teeth will please call and see specimens at Office, corner of Hanover and Portland streets. 3m july 4

MUSTARD.

WARRANTED of Superior quality. Fine and Superfine in Kegs, Cannisterand Bottles manufactured and for sale wholesale and retail by DEXTER DANA, corner of Cross and Annstreets, Boston.

N. B. All kinds of Spicesforsale orground at short notice.

Also, Coffeeburnt and groundforretailing.

nov 1 ly

LADIES' RIDING CAPS,

HATS, UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS, GLOVES AND STOCKS.

387, *WASHINGTON STREET*.

DANIEL MESSINGER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has received from New York a complete assortment of the above articles, which, added to those on hand, makes as good a variety as can be found in any Hat Store in Boston.

He has the newest patterns for *LADIES' RIDING CAPS* and *CHILDREN'S FANCY CAPS*, which will be made to order at the shortest notice.

may 30

REMOVAL.

S. COLMAN, (successor to Lilly, Wait & Co.) periodical and wholesale publisher, has removed from 121 Washington street, to Nos. 18 and 20, Cornhill, (same building with R. P. & C. Williams) where will be continued the publication of the People's, Penny, and Parley's Magazines, Young Man's Guide, &c.—Also, the general agency of Waldie's Library, Blackwood and Metropolitan Magazines, and Foreign Quarterly Review, Alexandrian Library, Duff Green's Jurist, Medical Register, as well as of the other principal periodical publications throughout the United States.

july 11

J. BURRILL,

MANUFACTURING JEWELLER,

73

CORNHILL.

july 11 6w

☞NEW ARRANGEMENT.☜

BOSTON, PORTLAND AND

BANGOR STEAM PACKETS.

BANGOR AND INDEPENDENCE.

NEW ARRANGEMENT, for the Remainder of the season, of the Steam Packets BANGOR and INDEPENDENCE, for Portland and Bangor.

With a view to accommodate the public, and by an arrangement made with the proprietors of the steamer Portland, the Steam Packet BANGOR, Capt S. H. Howes, will leave Lewis's wharf, every Friday, at 5 o'clock P. M. for Portland; next morning, will leave Portland for Bangor, at 6 o'clock, and arrive same evening; will leave Bangor, as heretofore, Tuesday mornings at 6 o'clock.

The INDEPENDENCE, Capt. Thomas Howes, will leave Lewis's wharf, Boston, every Monday Afternoon, at 5 o'clock, for Portland; next morning, will leave Portland for Bangor, at 6 o'clock, and arrive same evening. Returning, will leave Bangor, as heretofore, Friday mornings, at 6 o'clock.

All Freight, Baggage, Money or other valuables, are at the risk of the owners thereof.

No freight received on board within one hour of the time of sailing.

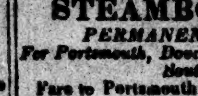
For farther information, apply to J. W. GARNSEY, Agent at Bangor; E. R. MUDGE, Agent at Portland; to the Captain on board; to I. W. GOODRICH, No 58 Washington-street, Boston; M. W. GREEN, Agent, Lewis's wharf, (north part of the city.) sept 5

STEAMBOAT CITIZEN.

PERMANENT ARRANGEMENT.

For Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Fare to Portsmouth	$2,00
Dover	2,25
Great Falls and South Berwick .	2,25



STEAMBOAT CITIZEN, Capt. J. L. Clendennin, willleave the T-wharf, Boston, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, for Portsmouth, Dover, and Great Falls, N. H. and South Berwick, Me.

Stages will be in readiness at Portsmouth, to take passengers to the above places. Seats in the stages may be secured on board the Boat, and at the Dover Hotel.

Returning, will leave Portsmouth every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, at 7 o'clock.

Stages will leave the above places for Portsmouth, in time to meet the Boat. Arrangements have been made with a line of Packets, to carry Freight to and from Dover, each trip.

For Freight or Passage, apply on board, or to EDMUND WRIGHT, Jr. T-wharf, or I. W. GOODRICH, 58, Washington street. may 30

FORTY

PACKAGES FRESH GOODS.

JUST received by E. F. NEWHALL, a full assortment of

French and English Merinos,
Plain, Plaided and Figured Silks,
New Style Shawls—filled middles,
English and French Prints,
Colored Table Covers,
Highland Plaid Shawls, and other NEW GOODS, for sale low at 179 Washington street. sept 5

CHEMICAL

EMBROCATION,

Or—Whitwell's true and original Opodeldoc.

Test of the only true kind.

FIRST—See that the certificate of the late Doctor Mitchell, LL. D. of the city of New York, is on the inside direction paper.

2d—That my name is stamped on the bottle.

3d—That the retail price is not less than 37 1-2 cents a bottle, all others are but base fabrications.

The above may be considered as infallible, in bruises, sprains, rheumatism, stings of insects, vegetable poisons, cramp, &c. &c. In a word, in all cases of external injury.

Sold by all the principal druggists in the U. States who also keep for sale the *VOLATILE AROMATIC SNUFF*, for many years celebrated in cases of catarrh, headache, dizziness, dimness of eyesight, drowsiness, lowness of spirits, hypochondria, nervous weakness, &c. It is most fragrant and grateful to the smell, being composed principally from roots and aromatic herbs. It is absolutely necessary for those who watch with or visit the sick, being an excellent prevention of contagion.—Recommended by Dr. Waterhouse, late Prof. of the Theory and Practice of Physic in Harvard University. Price 50 cts and 25 cts. april 25

BOSTON

INDIA RUBBER FACTORY,

WAREHOUSE, No. 8 State-street, offer to the public a superior assortment of India Rubber Goods, consisting in part of the following kinds, viz:

Large and small BEDS; MATTRASSES; PILLOWS; SADDLES and SADDLE PADS.
Gentlemen's CLOAKS, and Garments of all descriptions.
Ladies' and Mechanics' APRONS.
CUSHIONS of all patterns
LIFE PRESERVERS, SWIMMING BELTS.
SPORTSMEN'S BOTTLES.
Men's, boys' and children's CAPS.

Together with a great variety of other articles, all manufactured by the above factory, and warranted of the first quality. Orders for all kinds of Rubber goods, promptly attended to.

july 25 FREDERICK GOULD, Agent.

REAL ESTATE.

RARE CHANCE FOR GOOD INVESTMENT. The New England Glass Bottle Company offer for sale, all their Real Estate, situated in East Cambridge, consisting of about 25,000 square feet of land, with all the buildings thereon, viz—glass house 2 store-houses, pottery, 4 shops, stables, &c. A most eligible situation for the manufacture of Glass, or any heavy articles, being situated on tide water, and accessible by vessels of 150 or 200 tons burthen, with a canal running nearly the whole length of the premises. For the purpose of the concern, the above will be sold so as to make it a safe investment even for speculation. Inquire of RALPH SMITH, Agent for said Company, No. 118, State street, Boston. april 25

N. ENGLAND MAGAZINE,

NO. 51, for September, just published by E. R. BROADERS, 127 Washington street, (up stairs.) sept 5

PERIODICALS FOR SEPT.

THE American Monthly Magazine, edited by C. F. Hoffman, author of 'Winter in the West,' and H. W. Herbert, author of 'The Brothers.'

Ladies, Book Ladies' Companion. Christian Examiner. Annals of Education. Horticultural Register.—Mechanics' Magazine. Apprentices Companion. Scientific Tracts. Blackwood's and Metropolitan Magazines and Foreign Quarterly Review. Waldie's Library. People's Magazine, &c. &c. S. COLMAN,

sept 5 20, Cornhill.

NEW HAT STORE.

ANSON DEXTER, (late of the firm of Olney, Dexter & Gill) has for sale at his Store, No. 37 Court street, (opposite the New Court House) an entire New Stock of the most fashionable New York and Boston made HATS, CAPS, GLOVES and UMBRELLAS. His friends and the public are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—HATS and CAPS made to order. may 9

LINEN SHIRT

COLLARS AND BOSOMS.

KIMBALL, 12, Washington street, having made an arrangement with one of the first manufacturers of the above article, will be constantly supplied with an assortment of every style and quality of Collars and Bosoms of superior make. Now on hand—

100 doz extra Fine Stitched Linen Collars,				
100 do	do do Plain	do	do	
200 do	Medium quality do	do	do	
150 do	do Stitched do	do	do	
300 do	Common do Plain	do	do	

Also—Plain, plaited, embroidered, and ruffle Bosoms from 3 to 24 dollars per dozen.

☞Merchant Tailors will find it for their advantage to examine this assortment. march 14

THIS DAY

IS PUBLISHED, and to be had at most of the Bookstores—A Sketch of the Life of the Hon. Hugh L. White, with remarks on the approaching Presidential Election. july 18

INDIA RUBBER WATER

PROOF CLOTH WAREHOUSE.

NO 52 WATER STREET—MERCHANTS' HALL, BOSTON.

THE Proprietors of the Boston and Lynn INDIA RUBBER FACTORY, are now ready to contract and furnish any quantity of the *Coated India Rubber Cotton Cloth*, of a superior quality, adapted to many useful purposes. Such as Carriage, Gig and Wagon Tops, Side Curtains and Boots, being more flexible and durable than any painted Canvass; Covering for Gun Powder Casks, Hat and Band-Boxes, Baggage Coverings for Stage Coaches, Hydrostatic Beds, Sick Bed Sheets Stomach Bags for Hot Water, Injection Bags, Air Beds, Pillows and Cushions, &c. &c.

MANUFACTURED ARTICLES

Kept constantly for sale; Outside Coats; Pantaloons Caps with Capes; Large Circular Spanish Capes Swimming Belts; Life Preservers; Air Cushions: Hot Water Cushions for the stomach or feet; Improved Pantaloon Straps.

Garments from the *INDIA RUBBER CLOTH* are made up without sewing, which prevents all needleholes and have been proved by Pilots and seafaring men to be impervious to Air, or Water; always dry and ready to put on.

There will be a constant supply of these Goods from the Factory, of a quality surpassed by none.

Orders are solicited for any article manufactured from India Rubber Cloth.

Samples can be examined as above.

august 9 tf ☞Address C. C. NICHOLS & CO.

MAN'S GREATEST AND

—BEST EARTHLY TREASURE—

HEALTH PRESERVED—OR LOST—RESTORED

SEARS'S AMERICAN HYGIENE VEGETABLE RENOVATING PILLS, are now offered for the benefit of the public, by the Author, under an honest persuasion, that the certificates of their efficacy and effects; and the references and testimony respecting his own reputation and character, will secure for them public confidence. They have been the result of much research and experiment, occasioned by unusual sufferings from Dyspepsia and a diseased liver for 30 years. During a considerable part of this period, it has been to me an object of anxious solicitude, to discover some preparation of medicine better calculated to relieve me of my sufferings, than any I had heretofore used. And after many experiments in Materia Medica; and, among the vegetables of our country, I have succeeded in preparing a medicine, purely and entirely vegetable, which does in an eminent degree, answer that important and desirable object. Their effect is to excite and sustain a natural peristalic action in the stomach and intestines and to produce a discharge from them of all the morbid, and bilious matter which they contain; and also to remov biliary obstructions, and promote and sustain the natural secretions of the liver. Hence they are peculiarly efficacious in curing all diseases, originating from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels: such as Indigestion, Costiveness, Bilious Cholic, Nervous and Sick Headache, Hypocondria, Yellow and Black Jaundice, Cholera Morbus, Cutaneous Eruptions, Erysipelas, Heartburn, Sourness of Stomach, and General Debility. Their efficacy has been fairly and abundantly tested by my own experience and that of many others. They may, with perfect safety, be taken by both sexes, of all ages, in cases of indisposition; and they are peculiarly effectual in liver complaints. In offering them to the public, I pledge my reputation and character, that a perfect trial of their effects will satisfy them of their superior excellency. In regard to my reputation and character, I have permission to refer to the Right Rev. Bishop Onderdonk and the Rev. Dr Spring, of New York; and I would also present the two following certificates from the Hon John W. Taylor, and the Hon. Judge S. Young, of Ballston Spa, whose characters are well known to the public.

"I certify that I have been well acquainted with William Sears, now of the village of Ballston Spa, for more than thirty years. He has through life maintained a fair reputation. His character for truth and general integrity stands high. Indeed I have never heard it impeached. JOHN W. TAYLOR.

Ballston Spa, Oct. 6th, 1834."

"I have known Mr William Sears for more than thirty years, having resided most of that time in the same town with him, and during that period he has sustained a character without reproach. S. YOUNG.

Oct. 8, 1834."

Extract from a certificate of Mr James Comstock, editor of the Ballston Spa Gazette—"For several years past Mrs. Comstock has been afflicted with an unusually obstinate Dyspepsia, attended with a great degree of acidity of the stomach, and redundancy of bile. For several months past she has taken Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, and has experienced more benefit from them than she has ever received from any medicine. I can with confidence recommend them to the public. JAS. COMSTOCK."

Extract from a certificate of Mrs Powel, wife of the Hon. Judge Powel, of Saratoga county—"For many years past I have been afflicted with the symptoms of liver complaint, which have frequently been attended with a pain in my side, so severe as to confine me. About three months since I commenced taking Sears's A. H. V. Renovating Pills, which have greatly relieved me and rendered unnecessary the use of any other medicine. I do highly esteem them, and recommend them to all who are afflicted as I have been, with a liver complaint. ANN POWEL.

Milton, Oct. 3, 1834."

For sale by Messrs. HENSHAW & CO. Druggists, Boston—where circulars, giving a more general description of them, will be distributed gratis.

april 18 ly

DR. PHELPS' ARCANUM.

THIS Syrup is celebrated for the cure of Scrofula, Eruptions or Diseases of the Skin, Syphilis or Veneral Complaints, Rheumatism, Ulcers in the Throat and other parts of the Body, Mercurial Affections, Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Blood, deep-seated pains in the Muscles, Bones, &c., and a regenerator of emaciated and broken constitutions, caused by disease, intemperance, &c.

From the Republican.

Mr Editor—For years past, my children have been severely affected with a disease of the skin, of an exceedingly obstinate character. The eruption sometimes was distinct, of a pustular form, and again would be confluent and laminated, and occupy the whole surface, and the scalp of one of them, in particular, was so completely encrusted, that the hair became matted over the whole head, presenting, as must be obvious, a very disagreeable appearance, besides a constant discharge of matter. The disease, in all of them, assumed during its existence, a variety of shapes and appearances, and seemed to defy the power and ingenuity of the healing art. I have, however, reason to believe from observation and enquiry, that Eruptions, or Diseases of the kind are not uncommon among children, and even adult persons, though they may not often attain that aggravated character, as in the present instance. During the past winter, which season of the year I am persuaded is the most unfavorable for curing diseases or eruptions of the skin, I procured a number of Dr. Phelps' Arcanum, and administered it, to one or two of my children, who were the most severely afflicted. In a short space of time I observed an evident amendment in their condition, the eruption gradually disappeared, and I commenced giving the Arcanum to the remaining number, with similar and decided success. The eruption in all of them has entirely disappeared, and they now appear healthy and in good condition, by this treatment only. EMERY PERRY.

Worcester, May 1, 1835.

From the Worcester Republican of July 22d, 1835.

We consider it a small tribute of commendation to the character of the Arcanum of Dr. Phelps, to remark that its success over other kinds of treatment in the cure of diseases of the skin, scrofula, and many other chronic and obstinate diseases, is astonishing.

The case of Mrs L. W. Stowell of this town, and of the daughter of M. Davenport, Esq. of Boylston, are instances of success that should be recorded. We publish to-day the certificate of Mr. Perry with regard to the efficacy of the article in the treatment of his family, at his request.

For sale at wholesale and retail, by WILLIAM WARD, wholesale and retail dealer in Paints, Medicines and Dye Stuffs, 26 and 27, India-street, near the head of Central wharf, Boston.

Also for sale by Druggists generally. august 8

CURE FOR JAUNDICE,

INDIGESTION, &c. &c.

The cleansing, purifying Vegetable Panacea, long known as Dennison's Bitters, or the great antibilious corrective. Under the patronage of the first physicians in Europe and America, yield all their qualities to boiling water.

THIS long established article is exactly what it purports to be, one of the best medicines in the world for these complaints. It is of legitimate origin, emanating from the great Dr. Lettsom of London, and their good qualities have been tested for more than a quarter of a century. A long list of certificates were originally appended, but from the great space occupied, with one or two exceptions, they have of late years been omitted.—The following diseases, mostly proceeding from the same cause, are greatly relieved if not entirely cured by this medicine, viz.

Jaundice, Indigestion, Worms, Loss of Appetite, Weakness of the Stomach, Cholic, Costiveness, Flatulence, Headache, Strangury, Dropsy, Dysentery and all impurities of the blood.

Different kinds of Trusses.

Salmon's Brevet pad in ball and socket. Plain and Bellows pad do. Kite pad, English improved Truss, patronised and approved by one of our first physicians.—Common English do. Hull's do. Stone's do. Shaker's do. French do. india rubber pad, made in Philadelphia. Marsh's N. Y. do. Improvement on Hull's. Umbillical do. Children's do. all sizes. Double do. for double ruptures. Bateman's improved do. &c. &c.

Also—Foreign Leeches, and Watts' Lucifer Matches, (large) 12 1-2 cts box, $1 per doz.

Apply to J. P. WHITWELL, Druggist, corner of Milk and Bath street. 6m april 25

BUTLER'S

EFFERVESCENT MAGNESIAN APERIENT,

FOR the prevention and cure of Indigestion, Bilious and Liver Complaints, nervous weakness, head-ache, heart burn, habitual costiveness, giddiness, cutaneous diseases, &c. The suprising efficacy of this superior medicine has obtained for it the patronage of many eminent persons, whose high encomium, together with its extensive and increasing sale, fully proves its pre-eminence, and bids fair to render it the most peculiar remedy extant. To the dyspeptic, the sedentary, and studious, it will be found invaluable, from its promoting a proper action of, the liver in the secretion of the bile, or corrects it when in a vitiated state. Obstructions of the stomach or bowels are gradually removed; it restores the appetite, and gives tone, strenght, and energy to the system. Travellers and residents in warm climates, will find Butler's Magnesian Aperient a desirable article: it prevents any accumulation of bile, is portable, and the method of preparing an unusually convenient. Prepared by H. Butler, Chemist, London.

Sold wholesale and retail by *PALMER, JONES & BLAKE*, American House, 44, Hanover street, sole agents for the city of of Boston. june 6

RICH ENGRAVINGS.

THIS DAY received by MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington street.

A large variety of most beautiful Prints, most of which are entirely new, being recently imported from France consisting of Historical, Scripture, Landscape and fancy Engravings, Portraits of distinguished literary men, &c Some of which are—Jane Grey; Anne Bollen; The Deluge; The downfall of Babylon; The Crucifixion; The three Marys; Christ in the Garden; Village subjects; Anxiety and Repose; The four Seasons; The five senses; The Prediction; The Beloved; The Forsaken; Bishop Cheverus; Lord Brougham; Prince de Talleyrand; Rossini, &c. &c. august 29

Compound Syrup of ICELAND MOSS.

FOR the cure of Colds, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and Consumption.

ICELAND MOSS grows plentifully in the Island of Iceland, from whence it takes its name, and in all the high northern latitudes of Europe and Asia, where its Medicinal qualities have been long known and highly appreciated. This plant contains a larger proportion of VEGETABLE MUCILAGE than any other known substance; and in combination with it is a bitter principle, which acts most beneficially in giving strength in cases of great weakness and debility of the lungs.

The knowledge of many of our most valuable medicines, for the cure of diseases, has been obtained by observing their effect on brute animals—so in this invaluable Moss. Its virtues were discovered by its effects on a HARDY, LONG-LIVED and sagacious DEER, which derives its principal nourishment from the Iceland Moss, and whose milk becomes so highly imbued with its Balsamic virtues, that it is used with the greatest confidence as a sovereign remedy, by the inhabitants of all those countries, for the cure of all diseases of the Breast and Lungs.

In France, this compound has long been known and extensively used; and to its salutary effects, as much as to the salubrity of the climate, is probably owing the very small number of fatal cases of consumption in that country, compared with Great Britain and the United States. This Syrup contains all the medicinal virtues of the Moss, in the most concentrated form, and is prepared from the original recipe from Paris, only by E. HUTCHINGS & CO., Baltimore.

And none is genuine unless it has their fac-simile on each bill of direction—also upon the envelope, and sealed with their seal.

The above article may be obtained of PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, 44, Hanover street. june 6

PRICE REDUCED.

VEGETABLE EXTRACT.—*This is the most valuable remedy yet discovered for the cure of* Distemper, or Malignant, Putrid, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Scarlet Fever, Canker Rash, Canker in the Mouth, Throat and Bowels, Diarrhea, Dysentary, Sore Breasts of nursing women, and Acid Humors of Teething Children; in short, for almost all the affections of the Mucous membrane of the mouth, throat and alimentary canal. These diseases are acknowledged by all physicians to be of the most severe and obstinate character, and have long baffled their skill and research. The discovery therefore of an effectual remedy for them, particularly for the various forms of Scarlet Fever, must be considered by every true philanthropist as an invaluable desideratum. As a common and perfectly safe family medicine, it will be found of inestimable value in cases of common sore throats and colds—disordered state of the stomach and bowels—such as habitual costiveness, indigestion, flatulency, nausea and vomiting. Also, in cases of weakness arising from fever and all debilitating diseases, such as consumption, &c.; it will be found very beneficial as a cathartic and alterative, as it neither causes debility, nor does it, as is the case with the operation of most medicine, so readily dispose one to take cold.

The *Vegetable Extract* has now been sometime before the public, and its great powers justly tested. Hundreds of individuals have successfully tried it, and several eminent physicians are in the almost daily use of it in their practice, who are truly astonished at its great curative qualities, and are ready to give their testimony in favor of its efficiency and power. There now remains but one obstacle in the way of its very general use, and that is the price. The proprietors, being desirous to remove this difficulty, have therefore determined to reduce the price to 62 1-2 cents per bottle, for one year, which only remunerates for the great expense of preparing the article; this will bring it within the means of every person, so that no one need suffer for the want of it, as the poor man be able to obtain it for himself and family as well as the rich.

N. B.—Should any one still feel scrupulous of what is here stated, relative to the Vegetable Extract, we would call on one of the proprietors, No. 118 State street, Boston, besides the recommendations which will accompany each bottle, other abundant and most satisfactory evidence will be exhibited respecting it.

For sale wholesale and retail by one of the Proprietors and General Agent, RALPH SMITH, 118 State street. Sold also by Maynard & Noyes, 13 and 15 Cornhill; William Brown, 481 Washington street; Ferdinand Rowland, 183 Washington street; Brewer & Brothers, 90 Washington street; J. P. Hall, 1 Union st; L. Holden, corner of Chesnut st; James Fowle, corner of Green and Leveret st; C. Holbrook, 18 Leverett st; L. Moffat, corner of Chamber and Poplar st; D. Hayman, 41 Cambridge st; F. Plummer, 118 State st; A. French, 181 Hanover st; A. Boyden, 24 Hanover st; R. A. Newell, corner of Summer and South st; J. Elliot, 81 Hanover st; S. W. Fowle, 33 Prince st; P. Whitwell, corner of Milk and Bath st; J. P. Prescott, corner of Federal and Williams st.

DR. J. K. PALMER'S

Compound Fluid Extract of SARSAPARILLA AND CUBEBS.

For removing Diseases which are caused by an impure state of the blood—Syphilitic, Scrofulous, and Rheumatic Affections, Excessive use of Mercury—also in Gleet, Leucorrhœa, &c.

THIS article is now prescribed by some of the most distinguished Physicians, who have given it the preference to any other preparation of Sarsaparilla yet offered to the public.

The use of Sarsaparilla as an alterant and tonic medicine, is becoming more and more extensive; and although many forms are given and recommended for preparing this root for the patient, few, if any of them, contain a sufficient quantity of the virtues of Sarsaparilla to produce any medicinal effect. This is owing principally to two causes—either the bad quality of the Sarsaparilla, or the imperfect manner in which it is prepared. It is a desirable object that there should be some standard preparation of uniform strenght, possessing all the virtues of the root in the most convenient form for immediate use.

From experiments which I have made, it appears that Sarsaparilla requires much boiling and at a high temperature, to extract all its virtues. I have caused an apparatus to be so constructed that the steam is partially compressed, and the temperature raised much higher than can be done in an ordinary boiler. This enables me to prepare a Fluid Extract which contains all the virtues of the best Spanish Sarsaparilla in a concentrated and convenient form, each bottle containing the virtues of a pound of the root, combined with Mezerron, Guaiac, Sassafras and Cubebs.

Two table spoonsful of the Fluid Extract, added to a pint of simple syrup, makes the Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, and the same quantity added to a pint of water forms the Lisbon Diet Drink. Two grains of Corrosive Sublimate, carefully dissolved in a small quantity of alcohol or water, and added to the syrup above mentioned, will make it in every respect similar to a pint of Swaim's Panacea.

Prepared at the Tremont Laboratory, and sold by PALMER, JONES & BLAKE, American House, Boston. june 6

BURNS AND SCALDS

A POSITIVE CURE.

ANTI-PHLOGISTIC PASTE, for Burns and Scalds, Erysipelas and Phlegmonous Inflammation, St Anthony's Fire, Erythema, Shingles, Stings and Bites of Insects, Inflamed Blisters, Vegetable Poisons, Chapped Hands, &c. Fever Sores, (Necrosis) Biles, Inflamed Breasts, Whitlow, Abscesses, Carbuncles Gangreen, &c. &c. Sore Legs, Ulcers of every description, Schirrous Tumors and Glands, Bruises and Sprains: Fractures, Contused and Lacerated Wounds: every grade of Gunshot Wounds. It is sure to give immediate relief, and a healthy action to the living parts, and we can hardly conceive of a fracture or wound so bad as to cause death or need amputation, if the Paste be timely and properly applied. Inflammations of a specific character, as Scrofulous Tumors, Glands, Ulcers and Abcesses; White Swellings and Inflamed Joints from any cause.

Scrofulous Humors, and every other species of Eruption, as Salt Rheum, Herpes, Scalded Head, Ringworm, Pimpled Face, and Blotches. It is a specific for the Piles, giving immediate relief. Local Syphilitic Inflammation it is sure to remove, and prevent suppuration in the worst cases.

In all the above diseases the Paste has but one action which is the removal of heat, pain, swelling and more or less of fever; when this is done, nature soon finishes the cure, or the diseased parts become well simultaneously. It needs no certificates; use it, and you will know more of it than can be told you.

Sold wholesale and retail by TROTT & CO, 129 Court street, Boston, and by Druggists in the city generally. Also, by Asa B. Foster, Weston, (Vt) and A. & T. Hall, Keene, (N. H.) B. F. Brown, Salem, (Mass) J. R. Wadsworth, Providence, (R. I.) J. Hubbard, Lowell, (Mass) John H. Wheeler, Dover, (N. H.)

WATER PROOF PREMIUM

GOODS

INDIA RUBBER WATER PROOF GOODS, of the Style and quality which obtained the PREMIUM MEDAL AT THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE, NEW YORK, at their last Annual Exhibition. Constantly for sale at the Boston and Lynn India Rubber Company's Store, No 52 Water street, Boston—viz; Cloaks—Wrappers—Surtouts—Cloak Capes—Pea and Monkey Jackets—Sportsmen do—Pantaloons with or without feet—Caps with Capes—Cushions—Life Preservers—Hydrostatic Sheets *and beds complete*—Bath sacks—Hydrant tubing—Injection do, &c. *Air Beds*—Cushions—Pillows—Gass Bags—with every variety of articles impervious to air or water—at wholesale or retail by

nov 1 tf C. C. NICHOLS & CO.

GRATES, GRATES

BRYENT & HERMAN, at their Factory, No. Water street, offer for sale the most extensive assortment of Cast Iron FRAME GRATES to be found in this city. They have some very neat and handsome patterns, suitable for marble fire places, equal in beauty and superior in durability to any other kind now in use. Builders, and all others in want, will do well to examine these Grates before purchasing elsewhere.

august 22 3m